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BROTHERHOOD.

BY E. P.

If we aid a weary brother
O'er the rough way of life;
If we care more for each other
When troublous times are rife,
Our own burdens may be lighter,
Help may make our path look brighter
In times of toil and strife.

And though all must bear much sorrow,
All have their share of pain,
There will dawn a brighter morrow,
When joy will come again.
In that day of changeless pleasure
We will learn the perfect measure
Of kindness was not vain.

A DEAD HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "A GOLDEN DAWN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THERE had been no fall of soft white snow, but the air was sharp and keen with its frosty breath; the roads were white and hard, the hedges were fringed with icicles, that looked like huge diamonds in the light of the moon; the great bare branches of the tall trees raised their giant arms to the winter skies; the trees themselves stood like huge giants full of hidden silent power. Over the earth lay that strange mystical hush that always seems to fall on Christmas Eve.

For it is Christmas Eve, and I stand alone in Glen Forest—alone, my whole soul stunned, every nerve racked, every hope of my life dead. I stand alone, despair worse than death tearing my heart away. I cry aloud to the heavens, but they are as brass. I cry aloud to the fair earth, to the tall bare trees, to the shining stars, but no voice replies. Stunned, dazed, more dead than living, I fling myself on the ground, and weep out my passion of woe.

Slowly, sweetly through the clear frosty air, over the heads of the silent trees, comes the peal of the Christmas bells. I know them; they are the bells of St. Marie's at Glen.

The cold is biting and the frost severe; but I feel no cold, no frost. Oh, golden stars, shining on me with pale pure eyes, was ever sorrow like unto mine? The wind wails over me, and I lie here, slain by the soft white hand of a woman—slain more cruelly than ever man was slain before!

The music of the bells sounds clearer to me; it is Christmas Eve I know. Pictures of it come to me as I lie in my lone despair. I see the white moonlight shining on large town with tall cathedral spires, on little hamlets with rustic churches, on dark dense woods, on broad deep rivers, on stupendous hills, on bare cold fields, on quiet homesteads; and over all broods the happy mystery of Christmas. I hear all over the land the music of Christmas bells; they all chime the same sweet story of peace and good-will. It seems to me that I feel the great human pulse thrilling and beating.

I know, as well as if by instinct, of the thousands of happy homes where Christmas lights are shining and the green holly with its red berries brings glad thoughts, while children cling to their parents, where the husband kisses the wife, where love and happiness reign, and old Father Christmas is welcomed as a dear old friend. I see—oh me!—the empty chairs, the newly-made graves, the white patient faces looking towards the golden gates, wherein their best beloved have entered. I see the love of happy lovers. I see faith, honor, loyalty, all that is best and noblest in mankind, brightening under the light of Christmas; and then the pain in my heart grows deeper, and stabs me like a sword.

It rouses me afresh to the fact that, while the Christmas bells are ringing and the Christmas moon shining, I am lying here in the gloomy depths of Glen Woods, slain by the hand I loved best. Under the heat of tropical skies, during the long burning days, when death by treachery, death by fire, death by the stealthy blow of a cunning enemy were all before me, I had dreamed of this Christmas Eve. When my soul was on my lips ready to leave this world, the hope of this Christmas Eve brought it back. Through want and privation, through hunger, cold, and thirst, through captivity and torture, through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, this hope sustained me; and now it is slain within me. I, lying in Glen Woods, my face to the ground, have no longer any hope, save in death.

Not so far from me, the golden head that had lain on my breast was crowned with diamonds, the beautiful figure I had often clasped in my arms was clad in richest robes and moved with queenly grace, the face I had kissed with such undying love was turned with smiles on others; while I lay stabbed to the heart in Glen Woods—stabbed by the sweet white hand which a hundred times had fondly rested in mine.

It is morning when I wake—Christmas Day. I have slept through the long cold night in Glen Woods, and now it is open day, Christmas Day—so bright, so clear and beautiful. I feel that I cannot die. I am sick, sore and weary, my body all pain; the long night on the cold ground has sent the chill of fever through every vein: my heart is dead, my soul all torment; and yet I cannot die. Glen Woods have sheltered me through the long agony that is so much worse than the agony of death.

It is Christmas Day, and my eyes open on a picture so beautiful that I cannot die. The winter sun, with its pale golden light, shines on a most fair scene; the sky is blue and cloudless, yet with a dark look of snow to come; the whole earth shines as though sprinkled with diamonds; the hoar-frost, with its silvery rime, lies everywhere. From the branches hang great icicles, on the evergreens lies a silver network; the crimson berries shine from the holly-trees; round the sturdy trunks of the old oaks the graceful mistletoe clings, the laurel raises its shining leaves, and the dark fir is in its prime. The very character of the trees has changed: in the night-light they had looked weird and solemn; now the great branches are like arms raised to Heaven in silent prayer. I see the little robin pecking the berries; and, raising my miserable face to the blue sky, I say to myself, I cannot die.

Then through the clear air I hear the bells of Glen church; and I wake to full life and full pain again.

Shall I go out from the forest and look once more on her fair face? Shall I stand under the same roof, breathe the same air, and then go out into the world and let fate do its worst? I must see her again: nothing else can slacken this burning fever, can cool this burning fire—once again, and then come what may. Farewell to the forest where I have suffered the agony of life more cruel than that of death; farewell to the silent trees that have waved their branches over me; good-bye to the pretty robins who have looked at me with bright eyes.

I rise from the ground where my wearied limbs have rested. I stand erect, with the dignity of despair; for I, Hulbert Gordon, am going to look my last on the fair face of the woman who has slain me.

Many miles do I walk this morning, while the church bells are ringing and good people pray—many miles, with fever in my heart and fire in my soul. I meet a little child outside the town of Carnsore, who looks like a picture of Christmas, with a red cloak and little fur hat, her prayer-book in her hand. She looks at me with such sweet pitying eyes, my aching heart goes out to her this Christmas Day, when in all the wide world there is not one face to smile on mine, not one mouth to utter a word of love or comfort. I stop her.

"What is to-day?" I ask her. And she answers me with a smile, "Christmas Day." I bend over her.

"The day on which Heaven blesses all men, little one. There is no heart in this world that loves me; I am dead to all who knew my name; but, as it is Christmas Day, will you kiss me?"

She does not hesitate; she asks me no questions; she raises her sweet childish face to mine, so haggard and worn, and kisses me with fresh warm lips. I think that kiss helps to save my life. I walk more quickly after that, and reach the pretty church at Carnsore, where I know that on Christmas Day she who has caused all my pain will be present.

A pretty old-fashioned church, with a square tower and arched windows; a picturesque churchyard, with, in summer, lime-trees shading the green graves; a quaint old-fashioned porch, round which the ivy grows, where the poor gather and ask alms. I say to myself I will sit here until she comes. No one will know me: there is a deep crimson scar across my face, the mark that a hillman in India gave me; and whatever of manly grace or beauty I once possessed is gone. I am the wreck of Hulbert Gordon, who had raised his head proudly and defied fate. I take my seat amongst the poor and the lowly, waiting. Heaven help me until she shall pass by!

* * * * * *

There was an old-fashioned stained-glass window in the porch, and round it, in quaint old English letters, ran the words, "Who gives to the poor lends to the Lord." Ah me, who so poor as I waiting there, waiting eagerly, to look once more at my lost dear love? No one could recognize me. My clothes were all wet with the hoar frost and stained with dank grass. It was many months since I had been in civilized lands; a heavy moustache hid the lower part of my face, and the upper part was changed by the cruel gash and scar. So I sat with the poor waiting for their dole; and, amongst them, none so poor as I.

The bells began to ring—the same melody I had heard in Glen Woods—and the people came in picturesque groups—happy husbands, happy wives; laughing rosy children, gray-haired men, and white-haired women: but all looking blithe and happy because it was Christmas Day. The old people laughed at the sunshine, and the children at the robins who pecked the crimson berries. They passed into church with hushed breath and reverent faces.

Then, over the hard white road, came quite clearly the sound of carriage-wheels, and my heart stood still as though an iron hand had clutched it—still for one moment; and then the blood ran like fire through my veins, my face grew hot, the crimson scar throbbed and thrilled, my whole body trembled. She was coming. I should look on her once more. I prayed Heaven to give me strength to see her, even though I should fall dead when she had passed by.

Nearer and nearer came the horses' feet, the noise of the wheels. There was a slight stir among the people in the porch. One poor woman asked another, "Who is this?" and the answer came, "Sir Aleck and Lady Glen, of Atherstone Park."

"Who are they?" repeated the same voice.

"They are very rich people, the richest by far in this neighborhood. She is beautiful as an angel; but no one likes him," was the answer.

The little groups divided to make way for her. She entered the porch, and she had the sweetest saddest face, framed in golden hair, with dark eyes full of tenderness and pity. Her eyes gave a long pitying glance all round, and one poor woman, who came forward, said—

"Give me help, my lady: I am so poor, and this is Christmas Day."

A smile like the light of heaven came over her face, and, bending down, she spoke sweet words of comfort. Then—for I sat on the outer edge, as though I too needed help—her dress touched me. She did not draw it away; but, as she passed me—oh, Heaven bless her a thousand times!—she looked with kind pity at me. I saw her eyes wander from my wretched garments to the long heavy moustache, then to the crimson scar; then her eyes met mine, and, for one half second, rested on them. But into those dark lustrous eyes came no light of recognition. Calmly, kindly, with infinite pity and sweetness, she glanced at me, and was gone. I heard the soft sweep of the velvet. I know the odor of violets, always her favorite perfume. There had been for me one moment of paradise, and then she had disappeared in the soft gloom of the church, behind the thick screen of evergreens. Gone; and all light, all warmth, all joy went with her!

Then came a little child, fair as an angel, with a veil of golden hair and a dress of white fur. She looked at the crimson scar as she passed me by. I caught my breath with a great gasping sob that I could not control. Then the fire of my manhood returned. Fierce hate, fierce revenge, the madness of despair, came over me. A tall handsome man, with a cynical sensual face, followed the child. Thank Heaven I held no sharp dagger, or it would have sought his heart! It was Sir Aleck Uchtred Glen, of Atherstone Park.

The church door closed, and we, the outcasts, were in the porch alone. Still it was Christmas, and the poor pinched faces brightened. "My lady" was so good, she would be sure to help them. People said she never turned a deaf ear to the poor, the sick, or the sorrowful.

Not like him, they added. Sir Aleck would ride over the little children and the old women, and never stop to see if they were hurt. Sir Aleck laughed or swore at every one; but "my lady" was always sweet, and always sad. So they went on in their gossiping fashion, and every word was full of interest to me. They said he worshipped the ground on which his beautiful wife stood, that he adored her, that he went mad over her; but that she—ah, well, no one knew!—she was always sweet and always sad.

"I have heard," said one, "that my lady loved a handsome soldier laddie who went over the seas." But at that they laughed. Was it likely? She was Lady Glen, of Atherstone, and soldier laddies, were they ever so handsome, were far removed from her.

The organ was pealing forth rich sweet sounds. The Christmas anthem was sung. The music seemed to grow louder and sweeter; a great red mist came before my

eyes; I could not breathe; but I would not cry out. I staggered into the open air. A man was walking up the path, and, with a little cry for mercy, I fell at his feet.

* * * * * *

I know not how the Christmas Day ended, or the sun went down. When I awoke again, Christmas was past, and the faint dawn of spring was near. The first glimpse of reason that came to me showed me a strange room, then a kind comely face.

"You are better," said a cheerful voice. "Abel will be so pleased."

"Who is Abel?" I asked.

"Abel Blithe is my husband; he is head gardener here, at Sir Aleck Glen's. You do not know him, poor soul: of course you are quite a stranger here." She went on in the same quiet voice, "You have been here since Christmas Day, and now it is February. Do you remember anything about it?"

"No," I answered. "Will you tell me?"

"On Christmas Day," she said, "my husband went to church, as he always does; for Abel is a good man—none better. As he was going up the path he saw you come out of the porch. Abel said you looked as though you were mad. You could not walk; but you fell just at his feet, and he heard you say, 'Heaven have mercy on me,' and that touched his heart. He picked you up, and, with some help, brought you home."

"He is very good," I managed to say, afraid lest she should see the tears that fell fast and hot from my eyes. "But tell me just where I am."

"In Abel Blithe's house," she replied. "And he, as I tell you, has been head gardener at Atherstone Park for the last twenty years. He will be so pleased to find you better. You are quite a stranger in these parts?"

"I have no friends anywhere," I answered evasively.

"Poor soul!" said the kindly woman. "Every one about here has been very sorry for you. Sir Aleck, who does not often interest himself in people, sent word that you were to have all you needed. Doctor Stanford, who attends always at the Park, has been to see you."

I hope it was no curse that I muttered between my lips. She went on—

"My lady sent and wished to know how you were; and this very morning, see, she sent you a basket full of purple grapes."

My darling believed me a stranger, and desired to help me!

"Why are you trembling so?" asked the nurse. "You must try to be quiet. You did not hear what it was I said to you. Lady Glen sent you a basket of grapes. She says you are to have jelly and wine, or anything you want from the Hall kitchen."

"How does she know I am ill?" I asked.

"Every one knows. On that Christmas Day when you fell, half the people ran out of church; and it was Sir Aleck himself who said you had better be taken here. He said you were a stranger, and that you must not be left to die on the roadside."

She did not tell me what I heard afterwards, that, when I lay face downwards on the grass, he touched me with his foot to see if I were dead, disdaining to touch me with his hands. The next minute Mrs. Blithe brought me a basket of grapes, which were lying on green leaves.

"These are what Lady Glen sent. Try to eat some," she said. "I shall send word to Abel that you are better."

She went away, leaving me with the beautiful fruit. My weak hands could hardly raise it, but I covered it with passionate kisses. She had sent it. Oh, my darling, my lost dear love; if she had but known that she was sending it to me!

CHAPTER II.

ABEL BLITHE'S sunny bright face was soon by my side.

"Janie tells me you are better," he said. "I have never been so pleased over anything in my life. You will get well now."

And his words, instead of filling me with hope, chilled me with despair. I did not wish to recover—I wanted to die. Long after that my head was filled with strange fancies. Once when Abel came to read to me I said—

"I must speak: I have borne it until I can bear it no longer. Do you hear anything?"

"No," he replied, "I do not."

"I do!" I cried eagerly. "I hear a chime of bells, and they keep playing 'Miriam May Dacre' over and over again."

"'Miriam May Dacre!'" said the head gardener slowly. "Why, that was my lady's name! How could you know that?"

In one moment I was alive and awake to the danger; in one moment my reason seemed to have gathered fresh strength.

"Mrs. Blithe talks so much about her ladyship, it is no wonder that I know her name," I said. And he was quite satisfied.

That made me more cautious. To my fancy for weeks afterwards the bells played "Miriam May Dacre;" but I never mentioned them.

The day came when, thanks to my good nurses, to their care and kindness, I was able to stand up and to go out—the wreck of myself. Looking in the glass, I could not recognize myself—my own mother would not have known me. My face was wan, my eyes were dim, and the crimson scar looked worse than ever. Had I ever been a handsome soldier laddie, erect and bright? Ah me, it had pleased Heaven to bring me very low! I often thought of the beautiful story of the good Samaritan when I saw the kindness of these simple people to me.

I grew strong apace then; and I began to think that I must go out once more into the world, as I could not die. Once or twice I had spoken of the Glens; my whole soul craved to hear my darling's name; and Abel Blithe, seeing that it interested me, would tell me about the balls and parties, how my lady looked, and what flowers she wore in her hair.

Last of all, as we sat together in the waning spring light, Abel began to talk to me about my future. I told him that I had nothing to live for—no love, no hope; that I had one relative, from whom I was estranged; and that death had more charm for me than life; that I was penniless and lost.

He said, in his simple fashion—

"You want heart and strength, then you will think less of death and more of life. I have a place for you. One of the under gardeners left his place to-day—will you take it?"

"I know nothing about gardening, Abel," I answered.

"I will teach you," replied Abel promptly. "No matter whether a man's illness is of body or mind, nothing cures him so soon as fresh air and flowers. When you begin to think whether the flowers will live, whether the fruit will ripen, or the leaves sprout, you will forget all your own sorrows. Why, in my opinion, sir," he added, his face brightening, "a gardener, if he knows anything at all, must be a poet and a philosopher! I do not wish to intrude into your affairs. You have told me your name is John Smith—I know that hides your real name. You look like a poor man, but you are an educated gentleman. You have had troubles and sorrows the world knows little of. Now, sir, if I can help you by teaching you the sweet secrets of the fruits and flowers, let me do so."

I took his honest hand in mine and held it there; words seemed all too weak to express my gratitude to him. The plan, simple as he thought it, dazzled me. Seeing that the prospect pleased me, he added—

"You should have charge of the lawn flowers if you liked."

"What advantages would that give me?" I asked.

"Many. You would see Sir Aleck and my lady; you would see the visitors and all the beautiful dresses. My lady, too, often makes presents to the men who work there. You would like, of course, to have the lightest work, and I would get it for you at first. You should have the lawn flowers and my lady's garden. You would like to see my lady's garden; she loves all the sweet old-fashioned flowers—poets' flowers I hear her call them when she talks to the child. She has southernwood, sweet carnations, great heavy roses, sweet williams, and great clusters of mignonette. You would like my lady's garden."

Like it! If he knew, if this simple kindly man talking to me only knew!

"Does she go there often?" I ask. And he does not hear how the words seem to hiss rather than fall from my lips.

"Yes. Often I find her there in the early morning, sitting amongst the flowers. And more than once, when I have gone back at night for something I had left, I have seen my lady weeping."

"Weeping?" I cried. "Weeping for what—for whom?"

"How should I tell?" he replied. "But it is because I know my lady loves the place, and makes a kind of sanctuary of it, that I like to put a man of some refinement there. I am always very particular as to who takes charge of my lady's garden. I should be pleased to give it to you."

The words fired my brain. My lady's garden, that was for her a sanctuary, where she came in the early morning hours, and again when the moon shone at night; and I might go there if I would! I might see her, hear her speak, watch her as she walked and talked with the little one.

"Do you want an answer at once?" I said to Abel Blithe.

"No; take your time in thinking it over," he replied. "I know that every step in a man's life requires thought. Let me just tell you one thing, and it is this, that Sir Aleck Glen spoke to me about you a few days since, and asked me whether I could find work for you. He felt sorry for you, he said; for you seemed to have been a fine strong man once. He added that if you would take employment under me here, you were to be liberally paid. He is not all bad."

"I will think it over," I said.

If Sir Aleck Uchtred Glen had lain on the ground, I would have set my heel on his face; but the words, "My lady's garden," tempted me sorely.

Abel Blithe rose from his seat, and, after holding my thin, weak hand for a moment he said—

"Whichever way you may decide, I am your friend—remember that. I do not often take to strangers, but I have taken to you. I like that crimson scar; it tells me, though you do not, that you have been a soldier; and I am always proud when I see a British soldier with a wound on his face—a sign that you kept a bold front to the enemy, sir. Think it over and let me know."

So Abel Blithe left me there in the faint shadowy light of the spring evening, the faint odour of violets in the air. It was two months since I lay, stunned and dazed mad with my own misery, under the light of the Christmas stars, and now I had the problem of my life in my hands. Before I could decide it, I said to myself I would go over all my past life again, as the memory of it comes to me. My story was a tragedy common enough perhaps, but none the less terrible, for those who suffer by it, to bear. I may call it "The Story of a Buried Wrong," for such in truth it was.

Let me begin it when the bells were ringing for my father's wedding, and Henry Gordon Fane, an honored gentleman, whose word was as good as the oath of another, brought home his beautiful young wife, my mother, to Culross Hall. The bells pealed, the people cheered, the air was filled with jubilant music, and my mother thought the most brilliant future on earth was hers.

My father was a man of whom even now I cannot speak without the keenest emotion—the noblest, the most generous, the most genial; the most hospitable, the kindest of heart, the purest of soul; the wittiest that ever lived. He had a frank, handsome face, he had a fine, erect figure; his voice was rich and deep, his laugh like sunshine; all men trusted him, and I believe that all women loved him. When he went out into the street and fields, the children ran after him; all animals loved him, and found in him a friend. He took sunshine and warmth wherever he went. Men faint of heart and wearied of soul looked up at the sound of my father's cheery voice. Men dying were comforted, knowing their wives and children had him for a friend. Widows and orphans looked on him as a stronghold. He spoke no harsh words; he gave a rebuke as gently as possible; but what he said was always remembered. But words fail me to tell his worth. He was a banker, and the firm of Fane and Son was so solidly established as the Bank of England. There had been many partners, but one only remained, Henry Gordon Fane, of Culross Hall, and I was the son who ought to have succeeded him. The town of Culross stands in Westshire, and the bank, Fane and Son, of Culross, was known all over England, and trusted wherever it was known.

CHAPTER III.

CULROSS HALL was a magnificent estate; and we lived there in the grandest style; no comfort, no luxury, no magnificence wanting. My mother, the beautiful Mrs. Fane as she was called, had seasons in town, when she wore the finest diamonds, drove the finest horses, and gave the best balls and dinners. She was like a queen in Westshire. Every one looked up to her, and admired her proud beauty and magnificent presence. I was her only child.

They said—how I smile at it now, thinking of my wan worn face and the crimson scar!—that I had my mother's dark beauty and my father's ways. I only remember that I was utterly spoiled; that when I was quite little my mother dressed me in velvet and point-lace, and was proud of showing me to her visitors; that, later on, she was as proud of showing my books and drawings. I was sent to Eton, and from there I went to Oxford. Everywhere alike I was deferred to, feted, and caressed. The son of "Fane, of Culross," "Fane, the banker," I heard them say: and I was proud of the name. I agreed with my father that a title would have spoiled it. They offered my father a title. In his gentle fashion he laughed at it.

"There is no title so good as my own," he said—"Fane of Culross. My son Hulbert can please himself when he is of age."

At eighteen I was at Oxford in the full tide of happiness and prosperity, and with more brilliant prospects than fall to the share of most men. I read one morning of a ball given by the beautiful Mrs. Fane, at Culross, where all the elite of the county had been present. And more than one undergraduate said to me, "You are lucky Fane! I wish we had a banker in the family!" And for a few days they teased me about the grandeur of Culross.

Then one morning—quite suddenly, without warning; just as a thunder-storm comes on, when one moment we had golden sunlight, and the next black clouds—came ill-tidings for me. I remember that it was a smiling June morning, and that there was a bunch of roses on the breakfast-table, when the telegram reached me. Only nine words, and the scent of roses to this day brings them back to me? It was from my father, "Henry Gordon Fane," and said, "Come home at once; do not delay. Bad news!"

Bad news, I thought, could only mean that my mother was ill; and I did not lose one moment. It was night when I reached Culross—a lovely, dreamy, fragrant June night. Ah me, would the beauty of a June night ever come to me again?

It was dark when I drove through the town; and yet I was conscious of some great confusion. Groups of people were gathered in the streets. I heard cries and shouts. Once I fancied I heard my father's name heard from lip to lip with heavy curses. My father's name—Henry Gordon Fane! What a mad thought! On went the carriage through the still silent night. I stood at last in the entrance hall; but no father greeted me, no mother came to kiss my face.

"What is the matter?" I asked the old butler. He shook his head.

"More than I know how to tell you, sir. My master is waiting for you in his own room." And the next moment my father had caught me in his arms; and I saw that he was weeping bitter tears.

"Father, tell me what is wrong?" I said earnestly.

"Are you strong enough to hear it?" he cried. And I answered, "Yes."

"The bank has failed," he said. "Not only have I lost all I have in the world—even to your mother's jewels; but all the money entrusted to me is lost; and thousands will die ruined, cursing my name."

A great sob came from his lips. It was worse than I thought. I was prepared for sorrow, not for ruin.

"All is lost," he replied.

"Except honor," I said.

"In the eyes of most men that is lost also," he said.

"How has it happened, father?" I asked.

"I can hardly tell you. A few months since, the bank was not only solvent, but doing well. There had been depression of trade—a financial crisis. Several of the largest houses with whom we did business have failed. The last—one of the best houses in Paris—went last week; and now it is our turn."

"Is it very bad, father?" I asked in utter ignorance of the business.

"It is as bad as can be," he said with a groan. "I never thought of failure, never dreamed of protecting myself; and the result is that I shall see everything—down to the jewels of your mother's hands."

I could not comfort him; for I knew not what to say. All love, admiration, respect, and reverence could do I did. Of the utter desolation, the blank ruin, the dreary despair that had fallen over the household, no one could tell. Nor do I wish to dwell upon it. My proud, beautiful mother simply heart-broken; and the worst of it was all my fault, as she believed it was all my father's fault. She never forgave him. She seemed to forget all his love and tenderness, and the luxury of many years, and his constant love and fidelity. She never tried to comfort him,

but lamented continually the terrible catastrophe. In prosperity she had been a beautiful beloved wife, of whom he was both proud and fond. In adversity she was a thorn in his side. He found no comfort in her; but he never reproached her.

Let me—to my father's honor—say that he did not retain one shilling; that he, my mother and myself went forth from Culross Hall, leaving all, even clothes and jewels, behind us. No wonder he bent his kindly head in dire distress as he went down the broad flight of steps for the last time.

We took lodgings in a small farm-house near Culross—cheap, humble lodgings, where my mother wore her life away, and my father's heart broke.

Ah, the harsh things they said of him—those papers that had before extolled him! What cruel words they wrote, words that burned his soul away! One morning—a bright, sweet summer morning—we went out together—my father and I. No sooner had we reached the fields than we heard the bell tolling for some one just dead. In a vague way he wondered who it was; and, meeting a laboring man near the white gate, we asked him.

"It is old Mr. Telford," he said. "Died broken-hearted."

My father reeled as though he were shot.

"Why was he broken-hearted?" I asked impetuously.

"Because his last sixpence went with the bank; and he was too old to work for more."

My father turned away with a groan.

"If it could but fall on me," he said—"all on me, I should not care!"

A little farther on we met the parish clerk.

My father seemed determined then to know the worst. He stood with his dear head bent in humility of heart, while the clerk gave him the sad record of ruined homes. There were orphan children left destitute, gentlewomen reduced from comfort to abject poverty, old men compelled to begin the labor of life again, old women obliged to give up their homes and live on charity. He listened attentively.

"And that is all through me," he said. "It is wonderful to me that Heaven does not strike me down."

"It is not through you!" I cried passionately. "Are you responsible for the bad trade, for the failure of other houses?"

"No, my son; but I should have looked about me before this. Why, you see, I, Henry Gordon Fane, held the lives of these delicate women and helpless children in my hands! I should have thought more of them."

"But you could not help it!" I cried, in my sorrow. "It was no fault of yours, father."

He took off his hat, and stood uncovered beneath the June sky.

"May Heaven deal leniently with me, my son, as you have done," he said reverently.

CHAPTER IV.

IT CAME at last—that which we had dreaded. I will tell it quickly. It was a sultry summer night, when I, who lay trying to sleep, heard the sound of footsteps, and the moan of a human voice. I hastened to see what was wrong. In the long wide passage, by the light of the moon, I saw my father walking to and fro, wringing his hands and praying aloud—

"On my head, oh, great Heaven, and not on theirs! Spare the delicate women and the innocent children, the old and the helpless: let me suffer; for I am in the prime of my life, and they are feeble." Then he stood still.

I went up to him and tried to rouse him. After a time he recognized me.

"Hulbert," he whispered, with a shudder, "my hands seem to be wet and crimson with the life-blood of these poor ruined people."

Four days afterwards the end came. It was the dawn of a beautiful morning; the birds had begun to sing, and the lovely tremulous light lay over the fields. Through the farm-house came the report of fire-arms, followed by one awful shriek, never to be forgotten by all those who heard it.

I found him first—dead on his own room floor, shot through the brain; and on the table near him lay a little note addressed to me. It said—

"I could not help it, Hulbert: my hands are wet with the hearts' blood of women and children. I have sought peace and cannot find it. Forget all about your unhappy father, and begin life afresh."

I cannot tell what followed. I loved him so well that, even now, to remember how he died makes me faint with horror and pain. My mother had some little money, about fifty pounds per annum, and she went up to London. We both gave up the name of Fane. She asked me, and I could not refuse.

"I shall call myself Gordon for the future," she said.

And I promised to do the same, until I could bring some honor to the old name; then I would resume it quickly enough.

"Do not attempt to go through life branded as the son of a ruined suicide," said my proud mother. "Never let me hear the name of Fane again."

We parted after all in anger. One of my mother's relatives sent word to me that, if I would return to Oxford and study for holy orders, he would see that I had a living, for he had several in his gift. My mother was delighted; but I firmly refused. I had no taste, no inclination, no liking for the life; and I would not be a hypocrite. I would not profane that which I believed to be most holy; so my mother quarrelled with me and we parted.

"You have refused," she said, "what might have made your fortune; for you do not know what living might have fallen into your hands. I expect no more good from you; but promise me two things—first, that you will keep the secret of your life, and let no one know that you are the son of a ruined suicide; secondly, promise me never, without my permission, to resume the name of Fane."

I gave both promises, never thinking they would influence my life as they did.

Amongst my mother's friends was a distant kinsman of hers, Sir Aleck Uchtred Glen, of Atherstone Park. He was leaving Oxford just as I went there. We were together for a few weeks, and I had seen him perhaps five or six times. When my poor proud mother began to look round the world to see who would help her, he was one of the first to whom she applied. She received a civilly contemptuous reply; he declined to do anything for her; but, if her son were willing to work, he could give him something to do.

"Tell him I am more than willing. I am anxious to work, mother," I said; but she looked haughtily at me.

"May I ask what work you can do?" she said. "You have been brought up a gentleman; you know nothing of trade; you have studied for no profession. What can you do?"

All the manhood woke up hot and vehement in me.

"Do!" I cried. "I will break stones on the high-road, if I can do nothing else. I will work, mother, no matter how."

"Please yourself," she said, with desperate calm. "My kinsman, Sir Aleck Glen, has opened up a large stone-quarry on the estate; he offers you the situation of manager. You will have nothing particular to do, but you will have to see that the men keep their hours of work, and behave themselves respectably. But, oh, Hulbert my only son, give up this absurd idea, and go back to Oxford! Redeem your father's lost life; give me something to live for—some hope, some ambition."

I could not: it seems to me a profanation to take holy orders as a means of living. So my mother and I parted—she to make the best of her life in some pretty Belgian town; and I to Cornsore, where the stone-quarry lay.

I bade good-bye to my old life, to my father's grave and my father's name. I was to be known no more as Hulbert Fane, the son of Fane the banker. I was to make my own life and my own future as Hulbert Gordon. I did not altogether despair. My dear father was dead; my mother had left me in anger; I had but five pounds in the wide world: I was poor, friendless, and desolate. But youth and strength were both mine. In the might of my right arm I mount to conquer fate.

Sir Aleck Glen met me at Carnsore, and looked pleasant when he saw a hearty, strong young man.

"I was half afraid," he said with a smile, "that you would be a mother's boy, as we say in this part of the world; and then you would have been of no use to me."

"I hope to prove of use to any one who employs me," I replied.

He looked at me curiously.

"It must have been a great blow to you, this bank affair?" he said. I bowed assent. "You were brought up, of course, as a gentleman," he continued.

My face burned, and my hands clenched themselves as I answered—

"Yes; and a gentleman I intend to remain, no matter how I work."

"Ah, yes; very right, of course. I never thought, on the day your father introduced you to me at Oxford, of such a sad change as this. I wish to say this much to you. Slight as was my connection with your family, I prefer not to have it known."

"You need not fear," I said proudly.

"I wish to assure you," he said, "I will keep your secret. No one shall ever know from me who you are. And in return I must insist upon your doing the same thing. It is not for me to judge your father but one thing I do know, and that is, the very name of Fane is accursed. If you wish yourself well, forget it, as I shall do."

The lash of a whip could not have stung me as those words did; but I bore the smart. Oh, my father, how many such smarts would I have born for you!

Sir Aleck was not kind, but he was just. The duties expected from me were onerous, though I had little to do with the practical management of the business. I was to be at the quarry every morning by five to keep account of the men's time, to note the absent, and generally superintend their conduct. At the end of the day I was to make up their books, write out my reports and go home.

"You see," said Sir Aleck, "that from six in the evening you are free. If you are wise, you will spend the evening hours in study. If you are foolish, you will spend them in dissipation. It does not matter to me. In return for your services, I shall pay you eighty pounds per annum; and I have found lodgings for you in the cottage of Mrs. Bates, one of my tenants, at Carnsore. I do not ask you to Atherstone Hall," he said, "nor do I care to see you there. It would answer no sensible purpose, and would make people talk."

I ground my heel in the earth, and swore an oath to myself that I would never go near the place. Little did I dream how I should be tempted to break it.

"I think," said my kinsman, "that is all I have to remark. No; there is one thing more. I have been kind to you, and all that sort of thing; I have thereby acknowledged your mother's claim on me; but you must not presume on it. If we meet in the streets or the roads, I shall expect you to salute me as my other employes do, and pass on. No handshaking, or anything of that kind, you will remember."

Then he went away. I was only just twenty—young, hot-headed, and desolate. I buried my face in the long lush grass, and wept until my heart seemed as if it would break?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VALUE OF BIRDS.—At a recent meeting at Bourg of the Agricultural Association of the arrondissement of Blaze (Gironde), the Archbishop of Bordeaux, Cardinal Donnet, gave some statistical details in order to show the injury done to the agriculturist by the wholesome massacre of small birds:

"It was formerly calculated that in spring time there were not less than 10,000 birds' nests in each square league. Now, we know that every nest contains on an average four young ones. Well, then, it has been shown that each of these little ones requires for its daily consumption 15 worms, and that the parents require for their share 60, making a total of 120 insects for the daily consumption of each nest. If you multiply 120 worms by 10,000 nests, you have a total of 1,200,000 worms destroyed every day, or 36,000,000 in a month. Thirty-six million worms! Have you reflected that those 36,000,000 worms, if you do not respect the existence of those poor birds that consume them, will in their turn eat up the leaves, the flowers, and the fruits of our trees as well as the produce of our kitchen gardens? Neither should we forget that the insects and the parasite plants of which these birds would rid us levy an impost nearly double the property tax. Bear in mind that in the present year the caterpillars have done such damage to the cabbages that this vegetable has disappeared from our tables, and that these insects have been equally injurious in the pine woods."

A WONDERFUL LADY'S RIDDLE.—There was once a lady, very beautiful and well born, condemned to die a cruel death. Her judges so far relaxed their severity as to promise that she should save her neck if she could propose a riddle which they could not answer in three days. She was given a day to prepare. They came to her in her cell to know the riddle. She said: "Love I sit, love I stand; love I hold, fast in hand. I see love—love sees not me; riddle me that, or hang'd I'll be." The judges could not guess, so she was acquitted. Then she gave them the explanation. She had a dog called "Love." She had killed it, and with its skin had made socks for her shoes—on these she stood; gloves for her hands—and these she held; a seat for her chair—on that she sat. She looked at her gloves, and she saw Love; but Love saw her no more.

Bric-a-Brac.

REVERENCE FOR SNAKES.—The Dinka tribes of Africa reverence snakes. An officer once had to pay a fine of four goats for killing one snake. These tribes domesticate snakes and keep them in their homes; their pythons they bathe with milk and anoint with butter. In most of their huts snakes may be seen crawling in search of mice.

VERY SIMPLE.—In parts of Hindostan the marriage ceremony is short and simple and no courting precedes it. The arrangements are made by the friends or relatives of the principals. When the bride and groom are brought together, in many cases they see each other for the first time. The bride playfully skips towards him and seats herself beside him. The priest ties a corner of the bride's veil to the groom's shawl and they are man and wife.

IN JAPAN.—The Ainos of Japan burn their dead and place the ashes in a prayer house next to their dwelling. This prayer house is made of deals, and is generally more than two feet high, and in it the ancestral tablet is placed. This tablet consists of a long upright plank, cut slantingly at the upper end and tied round with six loops. At the foot lies a fish and two tobacco leaves. A special chapel is built for the spirits that guard the house, in which a round tube upon which a human face is engraved is placed.

A SWEDISH CUSTOM.—You take wine with your neighbor in Sweden in a peculiar manner. It is not enough that you should bow and place your glass to your lips. You must also, after having sipped the wine, bow again, or, rather, you must retain the glass in your hand and, slightly bending over it, look for a moment straight in the eyes of him or her with whom you are drinking. This is the custom, and a very pretty one it is, particularly when the eyes in which it is your duty to gaze have that depth of liquid blueness which nature has bestowed upon so many maids and matrons in that northern land.

BELFRY.—The word "Belfry" had originally no connection with "bell," an idea which is now intimately associated with the term. The first meaning given is "watch tower," from the Middle English "berfry," a watch tower. The first part of this word is connected with "borough," the second with "free." As the practice grew of hanging "bells" in such towers, people reminded themselves of the fact by changing the word "berfry" into the modern "belfry." In modern times, with our wide diffusion of education, the spread of books and the steady influences of printing, the tendency illustrated above to sacrifice accuracy in terminology to simplicity in form and sound, cannot much longer hope to find illustration.

THE LION OF ST. MARK.—That symbol of the Venetian Republic—the famous Lion of St. Mark—which, after being restored, has just been replaced on its column in the Piazzetta at Venice, is made of bronze. There is a tradition among the Venetian people that its eyes are diamonds; they are really white agates, faceted. Its mane is most elaborately wrought, and its retracted, gaping mouth and its fierce mustaches give in an Oriental aspect. The creature as it now stands belongs to many different epochs, varying from some date previous to our era down to this century. It is conjectured that it may have originally formed a part of the decoration of some Assyrian palace. St. Mark's lion it certainly was not originally, for it was made to stand level upon the ground, and had to be raised up in front to allow the Evangel to be slipped under its forepaws.

THE P'S AND Q'S ALL RIGHT.—A newspaper called the "Rocky Mountain Cyclone" has just appeared, with the following editorial explanation, says a New York paper: "We begin the publication of the 'Rocky Mountain Cyclone' with some phew diphikulties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought the outphit phor this printing orphis phailed to supply any ephs or eays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters and will have to wait until they come. We don't lique the idea ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best of phamilies and if the es and exes and qus hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the 'Cyclone' whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us; it is a serious aphair."

AN OLD LOVE STORY.

BY. C. E. N.

The night wears gems in her long dark hair,
  Her breath is the breath of the open rose;
The waves are a-tremble, a-tremble to bear
  The silvery steps of the dance she goes.
For she dances as one whose heart is glad,
  To a winsome music, swift and bright,
Till the ripples laugh and the winds go mad
  In the flying hair of the wanton Night.

"Night loved me once," the white Day cries—
  "Night with the stars that strew her hair;
But now, at my coming, she turns and flies;
  I break my heart, and she will not care!"
Yet just when the sunset lights the main,
  And he passes in golden death away,
Shyly the Night creeps back again
  To kiss the eyes of the dying Day.

A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "GWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV—(Continued).

RALPH DUNCOMBE, cool, grave, collected, a contrast to the flurried Israelite, looked up from his writing table.

"Mishter Dunkombe, sir!" gasped Levison. "Here's Lord Horchester come to take up that bill of two-fifty. Wonderful, ain't it? Let's have it sharp. Moses! I wouldn't have him know I'd sold it to you for twice the money, and he 'arf suspects something a'ready."

Ralph Duncombe looked down at the letter he was writing; finished it, as if he had scarcely heard, then drew a book towards him, looked at it, and said—

"The bill isn't due. Why should Lord Auchester want to pay money before it is wanted?"

"'Ow do I know? Mad, p'raps! Anyhow, he does."

Ralph Duncombe thought a moment, then he pushed the book from him, and looked straight at the anxious face before him.

"He cannot have the bill," he said.

Levison gasped.

"What?"

"He cannot have it. It suits me to stick by it till it is due."

"Oh, Mishter Dunkombe, sir! What's the meaning of that? What am I to say to him?"

"A mere whim on my part—perhaps," said Ralph Duncome coolly, impassively. "What are you to say? Say anything. Offer to lend him more money. I will take any bill he gives you. Good morning."

He struck the gong standing at his elbow, and Levison, feeling too bewildered to expostulate or argue, was shown out.

He went back slowly, wiping the perspiration from his face. If it were known that he had parted with Lord Auchester's bills he would probably get a bad name with the other "swells," and lose half of them as customers; his business would be ruined!

He forced a grin as he entered the office, and threw up his hands with a beautiful gesture of amazement.

"Heresh a go, my lord!" he exclaimed. "Brother's gone off to see a client in the country, and took them confounded keys of mine with him. But there, it don't matter for a day or two, does it? I'll send the bill, or call on your lordship——"

Yorke put his pocket book back.

"Very well," he said. Mind, I want to pay the money—while I've got it. You see?"

The Jew grinned.

"I see; before it melts; eh, my lord? But there, as I said, why pay at all? Why not let me lend you——"

Yorke shook his head and laughed.

"No, thanks, Mr. Levison. I don't mean to trouble you in that way again, if I can help it. Good morning." And with a pleasant nod he went out of the grimy parlor, leaving the spider staring after him with unfeigned surprise.

"Don't want to borrow any more money!" he gasped. "Why, what in the name of Moses has come to him. He—he must be going off his 'ead!"

Yorke dismissed the little incident from his mind, guessing nothing of its significance, or the effect it would have on his future, and had himself driven to Bond street.

He had commenced the morning by doing his duty—or trying to do it—and now he was going to reward himself by buying a present for Leslie.

He had pondered over what he should get, and had at first, naturally, thought of a ring; but he had remembered that she could not wear it without attracting notice and question, and had decided on a locket.

The man showed him some, and Yorke selected a plain one with the initial "Y" prettily worked in "bas relief."

While he was paying for it, the shopman, who knew him quite well, brought forward a tray of diamond ornaments.

"The newest designs, my lord," he said.

Yorke shook his head, but even as he did so Finetta flashed across his mind. He looked at the bundle of notes; he had plenty of money; she had behaved remarkably well; she deserved a present, a parting gift; he would give her one.

He knew Finetta's passion for diamonds, and comforted himself with the reflection—a wrong one, as we know—that they would console her for the loss of him.

He was not long in choosing—not half as long as he had been in selecting Leslie's simple locket—and purchased a pendant. It cost him a hundred and thirty pounds.

"Shall I send them, my lord?" asked the man.

"No," said Yorke. "I'll take 'em. Put them up, singly, in a box. I'm going to send them through the post."

The man enclosed them in a couple of wooden boxes, and bowed Lord Auchester out.

Yorke went home, and straight to a drawer in which he kept odd things, and after some amount of rummaging found a "carte de visite" portrait of himself. He sat down, lit a cigar, and, as neatly as he could, cut out the head of the portrait and fitted it in the locket; wrote on a slip of paper, "From Yorke," and laid them aside.

Then he took a sheet of paper, and dashed off in the charming scrawl which boys acquire at Eton—and never lose—the following note:

"Dear Fin,—Will you accept the enclosed and wear it for the sender's sake, and in remembrance of the many delightful times we have spent together? I thought of you nearly all the way home last night—it was awfully late!—and shall never forget how good you have always been to me. Think of me sometimes when you wear this trifle, and don't think too unkindly! Yours, "Yorke."

It was a foolish note. But he would be a wise man who could write a wise one under such circumstances. Of course a wise one wouldn't have written at all; but Yorke was not famous for prudence.

He laid this note beside the beautiful diamond pendant, wrapped, like the locket, in tissue paper, and was putting them in their respective boxes when Fleming came in.

"Lord Vinson, my lord," he said.

Yorke looked up with a shade of annoyance on his face.

"Oh— Ask Lord Vinson to wait a moment," he said hurriedly. "There's a midday post for the country, isn't there?"

"Yes, my lord," said Fleming. "Can I help your lordship?" for Yorke was hunting about for string and sealing wax.

"No! Yes! Here, wrap these boxes up in thickish paper, and seal the string. Mind! This, No. 1, goes in this one, and that, No. 2, in that! Understand?"

"Yes, my lord," said Fleming, and no doubt he thought he did. But when he brought them back from the side table at which he had been packing them, and Lord Yorke asked him which was No. 1, Fleming, the usually careful and correct, handed No. 2!

And so it happened that when, a few minutes later, Fleming walked off with them to the post office, the locket with the portrait, but with Finetta's letter, was directed to Finetta, and the diamond pendant to Leslie!

CHAPTER XVI.

TO LESLIE the days seemed to go by like a dream during Yorke's absence. She thought of him every hour, but she had yet scarcely realized all that had happened to her.

If Francis Lisle had not been utterly unlike the ordinary run of parents, he would not have failed to see the change that had come over her; but he was too absorbed in his painting to notice the difference; and, indeed, if Leslie had appeared at breakfast in a domino and mask, or sat during the meal with an umbrella up, he would very likely have failed to see anything extraordinary in the occurrence; and it rather suited him than otherwise that Leslie should sit beside him perfectly silent, with her hands folded in her lap, eyes fixed on vacancy, with a dreamy smile on her lips.

But if Francis Lisle was blind, the duke was not.

His keen eyes noted the change in the expression of the lovely face, the soft light of a newly-born joy in the gray eyes, and he guessed the cause.

"Like the rest!" he thought, with the bitter cynicism produced by his pain. "Like the rest! Well, it will afford me a little amusement; it will be a "petite comedie" played for my special benefit."

And yet at times, when he was free from pain, and he looked up at Leslie as she stood beside his chair, he felt doubtful and uncertain as to the accuracy of his judgment of her.

"She has the eyes of an angel," he muttered, when they were together one morning, the second after Yorke's departure for London. "One would say that they were the clear windows of a soul as pure as a child's."

His muttering was almost audible, and Leslie, awakened by it from a dream, bent down to him, and asked—

"What did you say, Mr. Temple?"

"I was saying—and thinking—that you are very good natured to keep a crusty, irritable invalid company on such a delightful morning."

"Did you say all that?" she said with a soft laugh.

"Well, if I didn't say it, I thought it," he responded. "You must find it dull work, but you are used to sacrificing yourself for others, are you not?" and he glanced at the painter who was at work at a little distance on the beach.

"It is not much of a sacrifice to stay with those one likes," she said half absently.

The duke looked up at her sharply, and yet with a touch of color on his face.

"Thank you. I am to take it said you rather like me than otherwise, Miss Leslie?"

She blushed, and eyed him with sweet gravity.

"I should be very ungrateful if I did not," she said. And mentally she added, "And how could I help liking you; you are his friend?"

"I see," he said. "Well, it is very kind of you to keep me company. I should have missed my cousin—the duke—very much, if you had not been here. I am afraid mine is dull society after his, and that you miss the pleasant drives and sails."

"They were very pleasant, yes," she admitted a little confusedly.

How hard it was that she should be obliged to deceive this kind hearted friend of York's, and how she longed for the time when he and her father should know her and Yorke's blissful secrets, when all concealment should be at an end, and her great happiness proclaimed. And yet it was sweet, this secret of theirs; it seemed to make their love more precious and sacred.

"Yes," said the duke. "Yorke is capital company. He is a great favorite wherever he goes."

"Yes," she murmured.

"He's so light hearted," went on the duke. "And light hearted people are extremely rare nowadays; but after all it isn't very much to his credit; I mean that it is easy to be joyous when you are young, in perfect health, and are—" he paused a second, "a duke."

"Are dukes so much happier than other people?" she said with a faint smile.

He winced. She had unconsciously struck home.

"No," he said laconically. Most of those I know are very much less happy than the rest of mankind, but it is different with the Duke of Rothbury. He is, as I say, young and in splendid health—" his lips moved and he sighed cynically, "but if he weren't he would still be very popular and always welcome everywhere."

"Why?" said Leslie, looking at him with her guileless eyes.

He met their glance for a moment, then lowered his keen suspicious ones.

"Is it acting?" he asked himself, and he gnawed at his lip.

"Why? Because he is a duke. If he were old and ugly, and—and twisted as I am, he would still be run after by all sorts and conditions of men—and women," he added, but in a lower voice, as if he were half ashamed of his cynicism.

Leslie understood, and her face flushed for a minute; but it was not with guilt, but the indignation of a pure hearted girl.

"You mean that they—women—would pretend to like him because of his rank?" she said quietly, but with gentle gravity.

"That's what I meant," he assented, eyeing her attentively. "There isn't a woman in the world whose heart doesn't leap at the thought of becoming a duchess."

"It is not true!" she said, her eyes flashing down at him with purest indignation.

"It is—but you are only speaking in jest, Mr. Temple," and she smiled at the warmth she had been hurried into.

He looked hard at her.

"I am not jesting," he said, "but stating the solemn shameful fact."

She gazed down at him almost pityingly.

"Ah, you do not know women at all," she said. "No," with a shake of her head, as he opened his lips. "You may know a great many, and they may be very great ladies, and a few of them may be as worldly as you say they are, but not many. I will not believe that."

He fingered his chin with restless fingers, and looked from right to left.

"If she is not acting then—then she is on the brink of a great misery," he thought. "If I could only believe her!"

"You mean that it would make no difference to you whether a man were a duke or not?" he said.

Her face went rather pale.

"Yes, it would make a difference," she said in a low voice. "I would rather not make the acquaintance of a duke, or anyone so far above me in rank; and there are thousands of women who feel the same."

"Oh," he says curtly. "I never was fortunate enough to meet any. Seeing that that is your feeling, it was very kind of you to honor me—I mean my cousin," he corrected himself sharply, "with your friendship, Miss Leslie," and he smiled.

Leslie's cheek burnt, and she turned her face from his keen eyes.

"An actress," he muttered. "And yet I'll give her a word of warning, though she doesn't deserve it."

"Did the duke happen to say when he was coming back, Miss Leslie?"

"No," she said. "He said that he might be two or three days."

He laughed.

"I shouldn't be surprised if Portmaris never saw him again."

He saw Leslie start slightly, then a faint smile flashed over her face, a smile of perfect faith. Yorke not come back! She remembered his last words to her. "I shall count every moment while I'm away from you, dearest, every moment till I am back with you."

"My cousin is rather erratic," said the duke casually and indifferently. "He is a very nice fellow, good hearted and the rest of it; but—well, a little fickle; at least, that's the character the ladies give him."

"Fickle," she said, smiling still.

"Y-es," he said languidly. "What's that song in 'The Grand Duchesse,' 'A butterfly flits from flower to flower'? One mustn't blame the butterfly, you know. 'It's its nature to,' as Dr. Watts says; and, like the butterfly, Yorke is what is called very susceptible. He is always falling in love——"

She moved slightly, and the smile died away from her lips; but the clear gray eyes met his steadily, unflinchingly.

"And, fortunately, falling out of it again. He's like the man in the play who was in the habit of proposing to some woman every day; and if she accepted him he rode off, and she saw him no more, and if she refused him, he asked her to be a sister, an aunt, or something of that kind, and rode off just as easily."

She opened her lips slowly.

"I thought you were a friend of the Duke of Rothbury's, Mr. Temple?" she said in a very low voice.

The duke flushed.

"Eh? Oh, I see. You think it very base of me to speak ill of him behind his back?"

"That's what I meant," she assented gravely.

"Oh, but the world wouldn't consider that I had spoken at all ill of him."

"The world!" she said. "How wicked and heartless it must be, this world of yours, Mr. Temple!"

"It is," he said curtly. "As heartless as a flint."

"Or as the Duke of Rothbury if he were what you have painted him," she said very softly.

"You don't believe me, then?" he asked, looking up at her from under his thick brows.

She shook her head.

"Not the very least?" she said, actually smiling.

"You forget that I have known him all my life, and that you have only known him five minutes!"

She still smiled.

"But in five minutes one may know—" She stopped, and her face flushed, and the tears rose to her eyes. "No, I don't believe it," she said, her voice tremulous. "There may be some men who are as false and heartless as you say, but not the Duke of Rothbury."

He looked at her gravely, almost pityingly.

"Don't be too sure of that, Miss Leslie!" he said with a touch of warning in his tone. "He is a good fellow, a charming companion, but——" He was stopped by the expression of pain which shone in her eyes.

"Oh, please let us talk of something else!" she said quickly. "See, here is the postman."

"I hope he has brought my medicine," said the duke. But the postman, tugging at his cap, handed a small parcel to Leslie.

"For me?" she said with surprise. "Why, what can it be? Are you sure it is for me and not papa? It is like one of the boxes they send the colors in."

"A sample of a new scent or pearl powder," said the duke, leaning back languidly.

"Why should they send it to me?" she said laughingly.

She tore off the outer paper as she spoke, and with the pleasant excitement which is always produced by the receipt of a parcel whose contents are unknown, she opened the little wooden box.

The duke heard an exclamation, a cry of amazement, of admiration, of delight, and looked up sharply.

"Is it scent or pearl powder?" he asked with an amused smile.

She looked at him as if she scarcely heard him. Her eyes were shining, her lips apart.

"It is neither," she said, and without another word, with the box fast clasped in her hand, ran towards the house.

She ran up the street and into the house, and up the stairs to her own room, her heart beating fast. Locking the door first, she opened the little wooden box, and took out the pendant, a glimpse of which she had caught as she stood beside the duke.

But though the glitter of the diamonds pleased her as it will every woman, the few words in his hand writing were more precious to her than the costly gems.

Can anyone ever tell what her first love letter means to a young girl who is in love with the writer?

Leslie gazed at the one line in Yorke's awful scrawl as a Moslem might regard a verse from the Koran, and not once or twice only did her sweet lips kiss the scrap of paper. Then she examined the pendant more minutely, and though her experience of jewelry was of a very limited character, she knew that the gift was an expensive one.

"It is too good, too grand for me," she said, and yet with a sensation of pleasure in its worth. "I should have been as pleased if he had sent me a bunch of flowers bought in the London streets. But, oh, how good of him! And, after all, it is not too grand for his wife. He would think nothing too rare, too costly for her. Oh, my love, my love! If I were only more worthy of you!"

She found a piece of ribbon and put the pendant on it, and hung it round her white throat, and the fire and glitter of the diamonds almost startled her.

"It is just as well that I may not wear it openly—yet," she said to herself with a soft, shy laugh. "I should feel as if everyone was staring at me. I wonder whether I shall ever get used to wearing beautiful things like this? He would say 'yes,' but I feel now as if I never should be able to do so without being conscious of my splendor. But I must hide you for the present, you beautiful thing," and she arranged the pendant so that it nestled over her heart, and buttoned her dress over it, and there it seemed to glow with a soft, consuming fire, as if it knew that it had come from the hand of the man she loved.

Several times during the day she stole up to her room and drew the pendant from its hiding place, and looked at it with glistening eyes; and if Francis Lisle had not been blind to everything but his awful pictures, he could not but have been startled by the expression on her face after one of these visits.

But if her father was blind the children were not, and as they clustered round her they looked up at her, frank wonder in their wide open orbs, and one mite lisped—

"What makth 'oo sthmile so, Mith Lethlie. Have 'oo been a dood girl, and got a penny diven 'oo?"

"Yes. I've got a penny given to me, Trottie," said Leslie, taking the child up in her lap and kissing it. "Such a beautiful shining penny."

"Throw it me," said the little one.

But Leslie put her hand on her bosom with a jealous smile.

"No, no; I can't show it even to you, Trottie," she said; "not to anyone. And I am not going to buy anything with it, but going to keep it as long as ever I live."

She did not see Mr. Temple again that day, and did not even think of him or the hard, unjust things he had said of Yorke; and if she had, it would only have been to laugh at them, Yorke fickle and false! With that gift of his rising and falling on her heart, she would not have believed an angel if he had come to tell her anything against her beloved.

The duke missed her all that afternoon, missed her very much. He had got used to having her standing or sitting by his chair, and her sweet, low pitched voice had been as a soothing balm in his moments of pain. And yet he could not wholly trust her, or believe that she was better and less mercenary and self-seeking than the rest of her sex.

His keen eyes had seen the change in her face when he had spoken of Yorke, and he had told himself that what he had prophesied was coming true: this artless-looking girl with the clear, guileless eyes was already aiming at a ducal coronet. It did not occur to him that she might love Yorke for himself alone, or, if it did, he put the thought away from him and hugged his old cynical mistrust of her sex.

The next day passed; no Yorke appeared, but on the morning of the following one he got into the train at Paddington on his way to Portmaris.

As he did so, with a sigh of relief and expectant happiness, he noticed a tall lady dressed in black with a veil over her face pass by his carriage and enter the next, and he was struck in an absent kind of way by the grace of her figure; but she disappeared from his mind the moment she passed the window, and he gave himself up to picturing his meeting with Leslie.

A few hours, and then—— He lit a cigar, and stretched his long legs on to the opposite seat and thought.

The few days he had been absent from her had taught this young man how very completely he was in love, and he was actually asking himself why they should not be married at once!

"What's the use of waiting?" he mused; "I shall never be better off. We might just as well be married now——" Then a reflection cut across his roseate visions, and, as Hamlet says, gave him pause: He was fearfully in debt, and though Mr. Levison hadn't turned up with the bill, and seemed more inclined to lend him more money than take any from him, he, Yorke, knew the reason. The money lenders all depended upon marrying an heiress, and he knew—and his face flushed as he thought of it—that they one and all expected him to marry Lady Eleanor Dallas, and relied upon it.

The moment they heard that he had married what they and the rest of the world, in its language of contempt, would call a pauper, they would swoop down upon him like a flock of kites, and——"

He sat up in the railway carriage and rubbed his forehead.

Couldn't he ask Dolph to lend—give—him the money to pay his debts? Well, he'd ask him, and no doubt the duke would do it—if he approved of Yorke's marrying Leslie. But would he approve? Somehow Yorke felt doubtful.

"I might try him," he thought and he pondered over it until the train reached Northcliffe, and then suddenly an alternative course occurred to him, an idea which flushed upon suddenly, and sent the blood rushing to his face.

Why shouldn't he and Leslie be married secretly? They might go away, leave England, and settle down in some Continental place quietly until he had screwed enough money out of his income to pay his debts, and then they might proclaim their marriage to the whole world.

His heart bent hopefully, and he was so absorbed in his plans and scheme that he did not notice that the tall lady in black got out at Northcliffe; indeed, he could not have seen her unless he had looked back—which he did not do—for she did not get out until the rest of passengers had alighted, and then kept in the background until the station was clear.

Yorke got a fly at once and had himself driven to Portmaris, and as the ancient vehicle rattled down the street he looked eagerly at the windows of Sea View. But Leslie was out, and with a little pang of disappointment Yorke ran up the stairs of Marine Villa.

The duke was sitting in his chair, his head resting on his hands, and Yorke saw at once that it was a "bad afternoon" with the invalid. The duke raised his head, with a transient smile of welcome on his pale face.

"Well, Yorke, back again," he said, holding out his hand. "I was just on the point of telling Grey to pack up."

Yorke started.

"What, tired of Portmaris already, Dolph?" he said.

The duke sighed.

"About five minutes is long enough for me anywhere. There is only one place I shall not get weary of—the grave. But this isn't a very cheerful greeting, Yorke. What's the news?"

"Oh, nothing. I saw Lang"—this was the duke's agent—"and told him what you wanted done, and——"

"Oh, thanks," said the duke indifferently; "and you have had a pleasant time, I hope? Did you see Eleanor?"

Yorke nodded.

"Yes, oh yes; had lunch there. She's very well. What a lovely sunset to-night! 'Pon my word, this is a jolly little place."

"Jolly, is it?" said the duke, eyeing him keenly. "Hem! Well, perhaps it's jollier when you are here. It's been dull enough without you, any way. As I said, we have missed you very much, young man."

"'We?' Meaning you and Grey?" said Yorke, standing at the window and watching the opposite one anxiously.

The duke smiled grimly.

"Well, I daresay Grey has missed you; but I was thinking, when I spoke, of—Miss Lisle."

"Oh, Miss Lisle," said Yorke, flushing like a schoolgirl. "I—I hope she is all right."

"Yes, I think so. The fact is, I have not seen very much of her since yesterday morning, when in the course of conversation I ventured to hint that your grace——"

Yorke started.

"Your grace was not quite perfect."

Yorke laughed uneasily, and kept his back carefully turned to the duke.

"She seemed to think that you were more divine than human, and put out her claws in your defence like a woman—and a cat."

A spasm of pain shot through him and he groaned faintly, and so, though all Yorke's soul rose in horror at hearing his beloved likened to a cat, he held his tongue.

"In short," continued the duke wearily, "I was correct in my surmise as to what would take place. The girl is dying to marry your grace and become a duchess.

Yorke bit his lip.

"It's time that a bit of nonsense came to an end," he said with angry impatience. "I didn't like it from the first, Dolph, and I like it now less than ever."

The duke waved his hand with tired indifference.

"It was an idiotic idea," he said; "but it has served my purpose. I have been left alone here, and the rest and quiet have done me good. You can tell the Lisles, and whom else you like, at once if you chose. Stay," he said; "wait till to-morrow evening. I shall have gone by that time."

"Gone?" said Yorke. "You mean going?"

"Yes," said the duke impatiently; "I am tired of it. I'll go and hide myself at Rothbury, I think; and I think you had better go, too."

"Why?" asked Yorke, but his voice faltered slightly.

"Well," responded the duke grimly, "I've an idea—don't trouble to contradict me, it isn't worth while—that Miss Leslie has succeeded in making an impression on your grace——"

"And that would be such an awful calamity, wouldn't it?" said Yorke, feeling his way.

The duke laughed cynically.

"No, I suppose not. You would ride away, like the man in the ballad, and leave her weeping. Not that the youngest and most unsophisticated girls weep much now, I believe; they dry their tears and look out for the next man."

"Dolph, for a man who loves and respects women—and I know you do——"

"Oh, do you?" snarled the duke, or, rather, the demon of pain that had got possession of him.

"Yes," said Yorke. "For one who loves and respects them, you talk strangely."

"Well, well. We don't want to squabble about women in general or this young woman in particular. All I mean to say is that, though usually I think they are well punished for their mercenary scheming, I've got a sneaking fondness and pity for Leslie Lisle, and I don't want you to let her think that she has a chance of being a duchess. In short—well, of course you have been flirting with her; you always do, you know. Well, leave her alone, and go back to London." He sighed. "That's good advice. We'll let her off this time."

Yorke stood motionless, with stern face.

"If I were the duke I have been masquerading as," he said, "I could not find a better woman, or one——"

"More fitted by nature to adorn, &c., &c. I know," interrupted the duke with peevish irritation. "But, unfortunately, you aren't the duke—I wish to Heaven you were, or anybody were but I!—and as you are not, and only Yorke Auchester, with not enough to keep yourself upon, to say nothing of a wife, you can't afford to do more than flirt with her. There! The subject is played out. You have got to marry Eleanor Dallas, my dear fellow. She is made for you, and you will be as happy as man ever can be in this beastliest of all beastly worlds."

"You dispose of me very easily," said Yorke, his throat dry, his eyes flashing; but his back still turned.

"Yes, because I care for you, and am anxious for your future and happiness."

"Thanks," said Yorke in a softer voice. "But—well, we are argufying. Suppose I do not care for Eleanor?"

The duke laughed quietly.

"My dear Yorke, no man could be loved by such a beautiful creature as Eleanor and, marrying her, help falling in love with her within the first fortnight. Oh, how tired I am! Don't let us spoil the pleasure I get out of your return by wrangling. Do as I say; leave this little girl with the gray eyes and dark hair—what eyes they are, by the way!"—and he sighed—"leave her alone. You can't marry her, and though you could punish her for wanting to marry you by flirting with her—well, I don't somehow want to see her punished. Seriously, Yorke, I ask you to do this as—as a favor."

Yorke left the window.

"You release me from my promise, from our arrangement regarding the title?" he said quietly, and with a tone of decision in his voice which the duke would have remarked if he had not been in such intense pain."

"To-morrow—not till to-morrow," he said. "I'll tell Grey we are going to-morrow, and then, just before we go, you can tell the Lisles, explain the reason—anything. I care nothing. I shall be out of reach of the fuss the story will make even in this outlandish place."

"Good," said Yorke, and he drew a long breath. "I'm going out for a stroll—dinner as usual, I suppose?" And the duke heard him going down the stairs two steps at a time.

The duke's few decided, querulous words had fired Yorke. He was to marry Lady Eleanor, was he? Ha-ha! He laughed almost grimly. There was only one woman in the world he would marry, and, if she would have him, he would make her his wife at once.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONSCIENCE SMITTEN.—The talk of parrots is commonly amusing rather than instructive; but as there are "sermons in stones," so the chatter of a parrot may for once strike home to the conscience of the man who hears it.

There is a parrot in a certain town which exclaims, whenever a man enters the room, "You're drunk, sir, and had better go away. I don't want to see you until you're sober."

Some time ago a gentleman who had called heard this speech, and thought it came from the lady of the house. Naturally enough he hastened out of the room.

The lady, discovering what had taken place, sat down at once to write him a note of explanation, but to her amazement before she could finish it the servant brought in a note from the man himself.

In it he acknowledged humbly that he had perhaps taken too much wine with his dinner, but protested that he had never once dreamed of being in such a condition as to make it possible for any one to detect the fact. As she had done so, however, he offered his most abject apologies and a prayer for forgiveness.

HOT DRINKS FOR THIRST.—It is a mistake to suppose cold drinks are necessary to relieve thirst. Very cold drinks, as a rule, increase the feverish condition of the mouth and stomach and so create thirst. Experience shows it to be a fact that hot drinks relieve the thirst and "cool off" the body when it is in an abnormally heated condition better than ice-cold drinks. It is far better and safer to avoid the use of drinks below 60°; in fact, a higher temperature is to be preferred, and those who are much troubled with thirst will do well to try the advantages to be derived from hot drinks, instead of cold fluids to which they may have been accustomed. Hot drinks also have the advantage of aiding digestion, instead of causing debility of the stomach.

DREAMS.

BY W. W. LONG.

I walked beside the ocean's shore,
  At opening of a summer day;
Above me floated white-winged gulls,
  Below came music from the salt sea spray.
The sun 'rose from his ocean couch,
  And spread across the waves a beam of light;
And far across the harbor bar
  Gleamed blue waves capped in white.

I looked across the sea with longing eyes,
  And planned a voyage sweet,
Out to some lone and fairy isle,
  When you and I would rest complete;
As blue waves played on silver sands,
  And fairies roamed the dells along;
While 'mid perennial summer bowers
  Love sang to us its tenderest song.

I built in fancy, Love's bright home
  Within a green oasis of the west,
Where you and I, together dear,
  Might find a perfect rest;
With rose and lily growing there,
  And music of Love's serenade;
A paradise shut in from all the world,
  In grove of leafy shade.

Æolia's harp our muse should be,
  Played on by murmuring breeze,
That 'cross the distant meadow-lands
  Came upward from the seas.
Dreams from a dreamer's brain,
  Pictures that are too sweet—
Alone I wander on the sands,
  With weary eyes and tired feet.

Who Rang the Bell?

BY S. U. W.

ONE OF THE strangest stories I have heard was told me by an aged gentleman who had spent his youth in the provincial city where the event related by him had occurred. I will give the history as he told it to me, only altering the name of the chief actor in the terrible drama and suppressing that of the town. I may add that this suppression is not, in this case, the mere trick of the professional fictionist.

The actual name of the criminal and the bare facts of his crime, may be found in any catalogue of famous trials. But the man belonged to a respectable family; a relative of his—in his day a fashionable litterateur and popular divine—found it advisable to modify his own cognomen to veil so sad a connection, and it is possible—nay, probable—that some of the line still survive who might be pained by any public returning of this dark page of their record.

Therefore, we will give the family name as Mildon, and their abode as the populous and gay town of X——.

The leading part in this little drama is played by one Charles Mildon, a fashionable young gentleman, mixing in respectable society, of popular manners and many accomplishments, but also, unfortunately, of extravagant and reckless habits and, it seems clear, of those darker shades of vice which frequently underlie these.

He lived alone in quiet, genteel lodgings, where it appears that the character he maintained was fairly good. If at times he got into debt, he presently got out of it, owing to the good offices of an old bachelor uncle who had repeatedly come to his rescue; but whose patience, young Mildon, felt, was fast wearing out.

This uncle, Mr. Mildon, senior, inhabited a small house in a lively, well-frequented part of the town. He was an elderly man, slightly crippled and otherwise so invalided that he never left the upper flat of his abode, where he was served and attended by a faithful old housekeeper who had been with him for many years. She and her aged master were the sole inhabitants of the dwelling.

There came a time—it was rather late one evening—when people passing by the abode of Mr. Mildon, senior, became aware of signals of distress from the first floor window. Having succeeded in arresting somebody's attention, the old gentleman, in a very excited manner, proceeded to explain that he felt sure there was something grievously amiss in his lower premises, and to request that assistance should be fetched to his rescue, to enter his house and discover the true state of matters. A curious and eager crowd soon secured the presence of the proper functionaries. They proceeded to break open the hall door, thinking, probably, to come upon nothing worse than an inebriate cook or the devastations of a bungling burglar.

But a single glance round the interior changed the aspect of things. Faces grew pale and solemn, and defensive missiles were grasped, the excited crowd was pressed back, and further help summoned.

From mouth to mouth went the grim whisper—"Murder!"

In less than half an hour, it was noised abroad all over X——that a terrible and mysterious tragedy had been enacted in the house of old Mr. Mildon. His housekeeper's dead body had been found just behind the hall door, and farther up the passage, at the head of the kitchen stairs, lay the corpse of another person, readily identified as a respectable old body who had occasionally visited Mr. Mildon's housekeeper.

It was only to be expected that the old gentleman's nephew was speedily on the scene. The succor of his aged and infirm relative, so awfully left alone, naturally demanded that.

But young Mr. Mildon had also some information to volunteer.

During the afternoon of that day, he had himself visited his uncle. He remembered the exact hour of his arrival, for while awaiting admittance he had casually glanced at the clock in a neighboring steeple.

The housekeeper had opened the door as usual. He had noticed nothing special about her, but then he had noticed little, going straight upstairs to his uncle. With him he had sat chatting for nearly an hour, during which time he had observed no unusual sound in the house. Some sounds, however, he observed, might easily pass unnoticed, owing to the roar of traffic in the street below.

But he had further to narrate that his visit had been brought to a premature conclusion, and he thought this might shed some light on the mystery.

While he and his uncle had been conversing, the door-bell had rung violently. His uncle had wondered who the ringer might be and they had both listened for the opening of the door, or rather for its closing, as it shut heavily, reverberating through the house. They had listened in vain, and young Mr. Mildon had thought he would go downstairs and see if the summons had been attended to. He had gone straight to the street door, had opened it, only to find nobody! Thinking that the ringer might have retired a few paces, young Mildon said he had stepped out into the street, and looked to the right hand and to the left, but in vain.

While he was doing thus the hall door had suddenly closed behind him, banged as he had then believed by a draught of wind. His hat had been shut within the house, left, in short on a chair in his uncle's room. He had, he said, hesitated for a moment what he should do: he presumed the housekeeper had gone out, marketing, possibly taking advantage of his visit to do so without leaving her master alone: therefore any ringing on his part would be as futile as the runaway ring had been, so he had decided to go quietly, and hatless, to his own lodgings, which were fortunately not far off, intending to return in the course of the evening, when the housekeeper would have resumed her post. He had actually been on his way back, when the excitement in the street apprised him of the horror which had been enacted in his uncle's house.

Young Mr. Mildon's communication was certainly important. It opened up two or three matters:

Had the housekeeper really been absent from the house at the time of the runaway ring?

If not, what had been the hindrance to her answering it?

Young Mr. Mildon was asked why he had not called her, instead of answering the door himself? Was it because he had thought it likely she was out? He answered at once that he had not thought about it: the bell had rung and it had been neglected; he had gone to the door simply as the most direct and natural thing.

Another question was: "Who rang the bell?"

Was this mysterious runaway the same who subsequently returned and commited the dreadful crime? Had his heart failed him on the first occasion? Or had he gained any inkling that the house just then had a stalwart guest as well as its usual feeble and aged occupants? Mr. Mildon did not see how this could be. He himself had not approached any of the windows during his visit.

His uncle had sat in his accustomed chair by the window; a watcher outside might have observed the old gentleman turn to speak to somebody in the room. But there had certainly been nothing to show that this interlocutor was other than the old servant.

Mr. Mildon, the uncle, confirmed his nephew in every respect. There was young Mildon's hat on the chair, where he had left it. The old gentleman had little to add. After his nephew had left him to attend to the ringing bell, he had heard the street door slam sharply; and, looking from the window, had seen his nephew go off, bare headed, and had guessed accurately enough at the apparent state of matters.

He had returned to his newspaper reading, and had not troubled himself further for some time. Then it occurred to him that his housekeeper was late in bringing up his tea and he had rung his bell—had rung it again and again, with as little effect as the runaway ring had produced! At last he had managed to hobble out of his room and as far as his stair-head, whence, looking over the banister, he had caught a glimpse of the skirts of the prostrate woman behind the hall door.

His only idea had been that his old servant had been seized with a fit, and he had at once given the alarm. From the stair-head it was impossible for him to see the other prostrate figure at the top of the kitchen stairs.

Young Mr. Mildon expressed the liveliest interest in the mysterious ringing of the bell. He seemed to lay great importance on that point.

Another difficulty was presently found attaching to this tragedy: It was impossible to gain any conclusive idea as to what had been the weapon which had produced such deadly results.

In the case of each woman the fatal wound had been a blow on the skull—so direct, so well-aimed and so incisive that it needed no repetition. But doctors differed as to what instrument was likely to effect its purpose in the peculiar way manifest. It seemed that no clue to the identity of the criminal was likely to come from this direction.

Another moot point was, the possible motive for the crime. Its two victims were respectable old women, little likely to provoke enmity of the violent kind. The motive could scarcely be plunder, for nothing in the house had been removed, or even tampered with. Spoons and other silver table-articles lay on the kitchen dresser, just in the order in which the housekeeper herself had evidently arranged them. Also, there was a large sum of money on the premises, for the elder Mr. Mildon had considerable house property in X——, and as it was just after quarter day his recent receipts had been large, and he had delayed to bank them, a fact which might well have been suspected by many people.

This money was kept in an old-fashioned bureau, at the back of Mr. Mildon's room. It was found intact, and the old gentleman himself could testify that there had been no attempt on the part of any stranger to enter his apartment. If anybody had entered the house with this object, why had they not effected it? The crippled invalid upstairs would have been even more easily disposed of than the old women below.

One detective suggested that the old gentleman had never left his chair by the window, whence any deed of violence might have been seen by passers-by. But another replied that such a murderer as this would scarcely have been defeated in this way, since a few ingenious sounds on the stair-head would certainly have easily decoyed the old man to the door of the apartment.

"Gentlemen," said the younger Mr. Mildon, "the great question is: Who rang the bell?"

Among the detectives and legal functionaries who met in conclave with the very few "witnesses" who had any testimony to offer, there was one young man who filled such a subordinate place that he had scarcely any right to speak in the councils of his seniors and superiors; and certainly he received very little encouragement when he ventured to suggest that he had his own doubts as to the innocence of young Mr. Mildon himself.

The others scorned him. Had not young Mildon come upon the scene of his own free will and volunteered a statement which set him in the line of suspicion? "He could scarcely help that," murmured he of the doubts; "for, even if his uncle had forgotten or overlooked his visit, his hat would have been found in the house and he would have been called upon to account for it."

It was further urged that the singular absence of apparent motive became, in the case of young Mr. Mildon, an absence of all motive whatever. He, of all people, was most likely to know of the money his uncle had in the house, and where he kept it; yet he had certainly been in the old gentleman's room, everything there had been at his mercy, and still the invalid was safe and his store intact. To these pleas, the young man, whom we will call Talford, could find no answer; yet he did not say he surrendered his suspicions. He was silenced but not convinced.

Months passed on, and the great crime committed in the little house in X—— seemed likely to be relegated to the list of unsolved mysteries. Talford himself had ceased to take any active interest in the matter; and the impression which had once been so strong upon his mind was wearing faint, so that probably, in time, he himself would have grown incredulous of it.

This Mr. Talford had a watch which gave him a good deal of trouble, and at last he took it to a friendly shopkeeper, a skilful mechanician, who, he thought, might cure its aberrations. The man looked at it carefully—said he thought he saw what was wrong—a rather peculiar defect—and proceeded to rummage in a drawer for a tool he needed to remedy it. He did not readily find it, and summoned his wife to his aid. While they were looking for this minor implement, he remarked by the way that he did not see his best hammer either. Talford, who was standing idly by, was aroused by the woman's answer, which came in the form of this inquiry:

"Have you ever had it since you lent it to young Mr. Mildon?"

Her husband thought not, now he came to think of it. Talford struck into the conversation: "What was the hammer like?"

"O, not an ordinary hammer—a watchmaker's hammer—like this," and the shopkeeper produced a tool, which Talford saw at once seemed well adapted to produce those fatal and peculiar wounds which had aroused so much speculation.

"Do you use these tools much?" he asked carelessly.

"Not very much, or I should have missed my best one sooner. I should think it is nearly a year since I lent it to Mr. Mildon."

That signified that it had been in his possession for some time before the murders.

Talford took leave of the friendly shopkeeper and hastened away. His old impression was now as vivid as ever, and he had something more tangible to back it. He was resolved on a bold stroke. He would take counsel with nobody, but would venture a great deal and win or lose all.

He put a pair of handcuffs in his pocket and bade a comrade accompany him on a piece of important business. They wended their way to the street where the younger Mr. Mildon lived in lodgings which he had occupied for a long while. Talford left his comrade to wait on the pavement, and repaired to the house alone.

"Was Mr. Mildon at home?" he asked of the woman who opened the door. Yes, he was at home in his own room. Then the visitor would go to him there; he need not be announced: when Mr. Mildon saw him he would understand.

Young Mildon rose from his writing-desk on the entrance of his unexpected guest. His face was perfectly unconscious, without either surprise or alarm. For one moment the two men looked at each other in silence. If Talford's conviction wavered, certainly his determination did not.

"Laying the "darbies" on the table he said:

"Mr. Mildon, I am prepared for violence, but you will oblige me if you will quietly produce the watchmaker's hammer with which you murdered your uncle's housekeeper and her friend."

Whether it was the sudden revelation of the discovery of the much debated weapon, or an idea that Talford would never have acted as he did without some strong evidence to justify him, cannot be explained.

But young Mildon, without a word of protest, turned on his heel, went to a chest of drawers, unlocked one, and displayed to Talford the terrible implement. It lay among his handkerchiefs and neckties. He had never even cleaned it. Dry blood was on it, and there were one or two adhering hairs. Yet what seemed such an utter carelessness had come nearer to achieving security than any amount of restless precaution might have done!

The whole of Charles Mildon's original account was proved to be perfectly true.

He had only omitted its most important parts!

It was true that the old housekeeper had admitted him and that she had appeared just as usual.

He had omitted to say that he had instantly felled her to the ground with a blow which needed no repetition. That he had next been startled by the appearance of another old woman, coming up the kitchen stairs, but that his surprise had not unnerved him for the prompt commis-

sion of a second murder, which had formed no part of his original plan.

Then he had passed by the two dead women, and gone to his uncle's apartment. He had found the old man seated at the window as usual, but on this he had reckoned, and had laid his plot accordingly. After a little conversation, he had asked for a small money loan. His uncle had so often been complaisant that he had little fear of a rebuff. Had the uncle left the window to take a few sovereigns from his bureau, his nephew would have felled him to the ground and possessed himself of the whole hoard.

But to his surprise and discomfiture the old gentleman proved utterly obdurate. Instead of lending the money, he gave him a lecture, loading him with reproaches. The nephew showed a submissive front, wondering all the while, what other dodge he could invent to entice his uncle from his window seat. One occurred to him at last. An anxious and despondent man is often thirsty. He knew his uncle kept divers liquors in a cupboard at the back of the room.

"Well, uncle," he had said sadly, "you can't think how your words upset me—and your severity is such a disappointment to me, I really feel quite faint. You won't give me any more help, you say? I will not ask it. I will ask only for a drink of something—even a glass of water. You will not refuse to give me that?"

"You may take it for yourself," the uncle had declared. "You know where the bottles and glasses are kept. It is part of your abominable idleness that an active young fellow like you should sit there asking a poor old cripple to hand him a drink."

To keep up appearances, young Mildon had gone to the cupboard and helped himself to some beer. Then he had resumed his seat. To wait for his uncle to move, could be, of course, but a question of time, and the stakes he had already risked were too terrible to allow of any impatience. Leaving personal interests aside, he had striven to divert and interest the old gentleman in local gossip and political debate and was flattering himself that he was allaying his uncle's irritation in the most satisfactory manner, when he had been suddenly confounded by a brisk, peremptory ringing of the street door bell.

His uncle had at once vaguely wondered who it was likely to be, coming at that particular hour, when he was seldom disturbed. The nephew had wondered, far less vaguely, what course he had better pursue, since he knew too well that there was no living person below to attend to that bell. Of course, he expected a repetition of the ringing. There had been a sound in the first as if the person producing it would not brook long delay, nor readily give up.

In his desperation, young Mildon caught at his uncle's wonder who it could be, and reiterated it. Then he made a feint of listening, and remarked that the housekeeper did not seem on duty, he would go and attend to the door himself.

Accordingly he had rushed away, past the two corpses in the hall, and had opened the door warily, that the caller should not catch a glimpse of the horrible sight within. He had trusted to some dark inspiration of the moment to get quit of the malapropos guest. To his astonishment, nobody stood on the door step.

Probably this somewhat shook even his iron nerve, for instead of retiring again, with the sufficient explanation of a runaway ring, he had stepped out upon the street to reconnoitre, not however, forgetful to draw the door behind him fairly close. Then it had unaccountably slammed, and retreat, hatless and utterly defeated in his nefarious objects, had been the only course left him. It had at least, given him opportunity to consider his position, and assume the part of an innocent "witness."

Once fairly at bay, under the energetic promptitude of Talford, he dropped his mask for ever. And his subsequent passage to execution was very straight and short.

There is much to reflect on in such a story. Did the door bell ring only in young Mildon's guilty imagination, and was his idea vivid enough, according to some modern theories, to impress his uncle's mind with a similar idea? A sudden draught will often close a door left slightly ajar. There is nothing unnatural or even unusual in that. Some will be inclined totally to dismiss our telepathic suggestion and to fall back on the simpler one of a mere runaway ring. Admit this, and we have at once, in its time and circumstance, a marvellous coincidence with the needs of the occasion.

And then we have to admit another coincidence in the slamming of the door. Neither that nor the ringing of the bell were in the least remarkable in themselves. They were the most commonplace of occurrences. All their wonder lies in the part they played in this tragedy.

Does not the multiplication of coincidences tend to suggest the existence of a law not fully manifest? A whole philosophy may underlie the answer to the question "Who rang the bell?"

CARD SHARPERS.

IT SAYS a good deal for the gullibility of human nature that fresh dupes are always being found by tricksters whose methods of swindling have been exposed again and again. For instance, the time-honored three-card trick never fails to secure new victims in young men who succumb to temptations against which their forefathers in their day were unable to stand.

A consequential, self-opinionated youth, newly transferred from school to an office, and possessed of ready cash, or a gold watch and chain, is a pigeon worth their plucking.

Three men generally work in a "mob," or gang, and one of them pretends to be a stranger to the other two. He watches them entertain each other with a few tricks, and when the three cards are ultimately produced and shifted quickly about, he leans over carelessly and "spots" the knave quite easily, apparently amused at the puerile nonsense of the whole thing. Sometimes instead of the picture card a plain card, printed with the one word "Archer," or some other name, is used; but the trick is the same.

The other fellows invite him to repeat the manœuvre in which he has been so successful. He offers to bet them a sovereign that he can do it twice running. The money is staked, the cards are manipulated, the stranger picks out the Archer card each time, and pockets the sovereign. Then the green and callow city clerk becomes interested, and he is gradually inveigled into the game, at first to win, and then to lose not only his ready cash, but often his watch and chain into the bargain.

Not a long while since a trio of sharps who had been engaged in this profitable work were on the point of being arrested. To avoid falling into the hands of the police, they seized the opportunity when the train came to a standstill at a signal, and fled precipitately across country. When next they were seen they were fleecing greenhorns at a racecourse.

A notorious French card-sharper availed himself of a polished tortoiseshell box which he filled with sugar plums. Under the pretext of offering this "bonbonniere" to the people who sat on either side of him, he contrived that its lid should reflect the cards they held, so that his partner should see what the game to be played against him might be. A few months ago the English public heard a great deal about the fraudulent way of adding to one's stake at baccarat by "la poussette," a counter being surreptitiously pushed over the line after the "coup" had been declared.

An expert upon the varieties of "pousetage" tells of a certain Roumanian Count who for months and months played at the French clubs and smoked incessantly. His cigarettes he lighted and re-lighted at a tall candlestick which stood at his elbow, and which he would raise occasionally from the table.

Some one at last noticed that the silver "flambeau was raised very often after the count's tableau, or side, had won, but never after it had lost. Closer inspection revealed the fact that under the silver candlestick was concealed a large red counter for a considerable amount, which he added to his stake directly he knew that he had won.

Another "operator" kept hidden in the palm of his hand counters which he slyly dropped into the little pile in front of him as soon as he was certain that the croupier's rake would not draw them, as a losing stake, into the "bank."

A few years ago a reputed marquis, an "exquisite" in his way, frequented the gaming clubs of Paris. Whenever his stock of coin was exhausted he threw down on the green baize a heap of precious stones—emeralds, sapphires, rubies, and the like, which people used to say he regarded as so many "fetishes" that would bring him good luck. Curiously enough, he never was deprived of their possession, for fortune invariably turned in his favor when he had staked them.

The French police, who had the surveillance of the club, suspected that tricks and not fetishes were the real cause of the luck changing. One night a detective, who was also a ventriloquist, watched the marquis and a young man at play. In due course the emeralds, etc., were staked, and the marquis won.

His dupe demanded his revenge, and the marquis made use of his concealed aces, when the ventriloquist, who had detected the cheating, cried, "Marquis, you are a thief!"

No one knew from whom the voice had proceeded. The players rose, and one of them had left two kings of hearts upon the table. Evidently one of the pair was a sharp. In the confusion resulting, the accomplice of the marquis hurriedly slipped duplicate cards into the pocket of the dupe, unperceived by the detective. The marquis called for a search.

The examination was made, and the innocent young fellow, to his horror, was exposed as the cheat. He rushed from the room, seized his sword stick, plunged it into his breast, dragged himself back into the gaming room, and cried, as he expired, "Look, gentlemen all, does a rogue die in this fashion?"

There was a sequel to the story. The detective knew that he had been outwitted, but he bided his time. By dint of much patience he learned that the marquis so called had, in his earlier days, been a smuggler, and in an encounter with the Custom House officers had wounded his own father, who was in the service of the State.

Strangely enough he carried about with him from that day a piece of his parent's blood-stained cravat, a ghastly memento of the deed which had nearly ended in parricide.

The rest of this article, a proof of the murderous assault committed upon him, the father preserved, and the superstitious son believed that if any other person possessed it there would be an end to his good fortune and of his life.

The police persuaded the father to lend them this blood-stained cravat, and then waylaid the so-called marquis in a gaming house. The ventriloquist engaged him in play, the precious stones were staked, and lost, for in this club no cheating was permitted. In despair the marquis threw down a pocket-book on the table crying, "Three hundred louis on this!"

"Show what it contains," shouted the detective.

The marquis tried to repossess himself of his fetish. Too late! The croupier raked it in. It was opened, and the blood-stained remnant disclosed, whilst the detective triumphantly denounced the false marquis as an assassin, and produced the rest of the fatal scarf which he had obtained from the man's father. The marquis surrendered.

In the subsequent disclosures it was ascertained that the emeralds, rubies, and sapphires which had so long stood the card-sharper in good stead were bogus stones at the best.

LITTLE HUNGRY MINDS.—If there is one lesson we would impress upon parents, it is this: don't stifle your children's desire at proper times to ask questions. This involuntary self-educating process of the child's is of more importance to its future than many parents are aware of. It sometimes, nay often, costs an effort to break up a train of thought in which you may be interestedly occupied; but it will pay. Like the sticks and straws which the winged bird bears long distances in its bill to construct its nest, these slender twigs of information may be worked into a structure which will afford comfort and protection from many a life storm, a safe retreat for quiet reflection, when the spirit of evil is prowling about for careless stragglers, who are beating the air because there is nothing else left for them to do. Don't turn your child off with a lazy, fibbing, abstracted, "I don't know." Rouse yourself, and give him food for thought in your answer, or that spirit of evil may take possession of the apartment which you are too indolent or penurious to furnish.

MANNER.—Lack of refinement in one's manner or incivility in one's ordinary personal address ought to be a matter of regret to the person whose daily life displays such a defect. But it is by no means uncommon for men and women to think, or to pretend they think, that rudeness of manner and neglect of the courtesies of life are evidence of a strong character, and that a coarse and uncivil habit of speech is an admirable proof that the speaker is a "plain blunt person" who is above shams and pretences. Nevertheless, while rudeness may exist along with strength of character and integrity, it is always a blemish to them, and never a help.

Scientific and Useful.

RAILROAD TRAINS.—A German engineer concludes that if the speed, instead of the load, of freight trains be increased from fourteen to twenty-eight miles per hour the expenses per car-mile at the higher speed would be one fourth less for repairs and only one-fifth more of fuel.

A SADDLE ON SPRINGS.—A new saddle recently invented has a series of springs connecting the upper saddle-tree, or seat, with the lower, to relieve the rider from constant jolting. The springs are cone-shaped, working within each other, and are of tempered steel, so as to work freely wherever the motion of the horses may bring the weight of the rider.

TO KNOW GOOD FLOUR.—When flour is genuine, or of the best kind, it holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand, and shows the impression of the fingers, and even of the marks of the skin, much longer than when it is bad or adulterated; and the dough made when it is very gluey, ductile, and elastic, easy to be kneaded, and which may be elongated, flattened, and thrown in every direction without breaking.

HEAT UNITS.—The heat units in the many cords of pine wood partition, sheathing, etc., in what purports to be a slow burning warehouse of heavy mill construction will often be found sufficient to supply charcoal enough to melt a large charge of pig-iron in a puddling furnace. It thus happens that one often finds in the papers a record of the complete destruction by fire of what has been called either a fire-proof building, or a building of so-called mill construction, or a slow-burning building, free from hollow spaces and free from many of the faults which infest the common examples of combustible architecture.

Farm and Garden.

MILK.—A scientific man has, it is said, made a discovery by which he reduces milk to a dairy powder in such a manner that by the addition of water it at once assumes all its natural properties.

BULLS.—Good registered bulls can be procured from reliable breeders at prices that are reasonable, and the butter dairyman who does not avail himself of the opportunity to thus improve his stock and enhance the value of his dairy product and increase the demand is losing valuable time and opportunities to double his capital in a few years.

WIND-BREAKS.—All yards should have wind-breaks of some kind if the hens are to occupy them, and this can be accomplished in several ways; one by having boards at the bottom, and another by arranging corn stalks on the north and west sides of the fence. Anything that will break the force of the wind will be found beneficial.

CHICKENS.—In feeding growing chicks give them a variety of food, consisting of cracked grain mixed and meat food of some sort. On the farm and country places, where there are countless grasshoppers and other insects, little care need be taken about furnishing meat food, as the chicks, ducks and turkeys will help themselves.

DAIRIES.—People who conduct dairies and raise stock by routine alone (and an old-time routine at that) lose a great deal of the pleasure there is in such work. It is a pleasure to think and study and experiment. To make one's work interesting is the secret through which it becomes attractive, and through which success is won. The lack of this interest in farm work is what drives boys from the farm.

TOMATOES.—Bagging tomatoes was an experiment the past season which gave excellent results. The fruit ripened ten days earlier than that which was not bagged. A curious result was that while bagging grapes retarded the period of ripening, the bagging of tomatoes had the opposite effect. Tomatoes that were bagged also ripened more completely around the stems. Bagging is done by simply pinning paper bags over the young fruit.

SPRING BRINGS TO MANY PEOple, especially ladies and children, need for a strengthening medicine. As such, in teaspoonful doses for adults at each meal, Dr. D. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge will be found most effective, and equally so in smaller doses for children; while as a worm medicine for the latter, it is of the greatest efficacy. Small bottles 35 cents and double size 50 cents. Buy of your Druggist.

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As to Style.

The mutations in the style of dress during the last century are significant of the changes which have come over us in our general way of doing things. It would be a great hindrance to us if we were put back into the tight clothes and buckled vestments, and laced sleeves, and powdered wigs, and cocked hats which our fathers wore without remonstrance.

It has often been said that there is no form of tyranny more despotic than that of fashion. I may hold whatever opinions I please, and utter the most obnoxious sentiments, without being mobbed, but I could not walk the streets in the clothes that I wore fifty years ago, with impunity.

A bell-crowned hat on the most respectable citizen's head would be greeted with shouts of derisive laughter, probably get a few stones from the boys. No matron would venture to appear in public with the Leghorn bonnet on her head, of which her mother was so proud. Why is it that an article of dress, which is considered beautiful and becoming in one generation, should be regarded as so absurd and ridiculous in the next?

The eccentricities of fashion have been inexhaustible. They are not confined to any age or any rank of civilization. We laugh at the African, with his hair sticking out from the top of his head in half a dozen straight prongs a foot long; perhaps he might smile at the long, waxed, and pointed moustache, that sometimes projects at right angles from the face of our fashionable young men.

The tattooing of the savage is fully matched by the fashion which prevailed in England not very long ago, when women of rank dotted their faces and foreheads with stars and crescents, horses and carriages, and other devices, cut out of what has since been known as court plaster.

No wild African's headgear ever exceeded in absurdity the structures of feathers, and laces, and flowers, and ribbons which English ladies heaped upon their heads a century or two ago, obliging them to keep their heads hanging out of the carriage window on their way to Court, there being no room for the lofty pile within. A row of ladies thus accoutred, sitting on a front seat in a place of public amusement, shut off from view all who were in the rear.

The wig mania was one of the strangest freaks of fashion ever known. That men should crop off their own hair, in order to wear that which had grown on some other person's head, was marvellous. An old-fashioned wig was something made up with oils, and suet, and powder, arranged in close rows of curls or tied up in bags, with long streamers or braided clubs, or twisted tails or attenuated cues hanging down behind, and this, or something like it, was an indispensable part of a gentleman's costume.

"Like to an owl in ivy bush," the clergyman must make his appearance in the pulpit; the lawyer must don his wig before he can be allowed to plead at the bar, and no courtier is allowed to attend upon the royal presence unless his head is covered with one of these monstrosities. Even to-day, in the English House of Lords, the Chancellor on the woolsack and the clerks at their desks appear in pepper-and-salt wigs, and the view from the rear, with the braided tails hanging down behind, is not very solemn.

There are savages who file off their teeth to a point, and color them black, or red, or some other fashionable color; but in our eyes it does not make them any more beautiful. The full wig does give a somewhat dignified aspect to our venerable ancestors, as they appear in pictures. This may be attributed to the law of association, which gives a charm to that which is remote.

Who, or what it is, that controls the fashions, few people know. All that we are aware of, is, that one style of dress is gradually dying out, and another coming in. We may have heard that the tide first begins to turn in Paris, and from thence the wave rolls along until it has swept over the entire civilized world. Whoever they may be that control the fashions they are very wise in their generation. They make no sudden leaps from one extreme to another, but they are guided and controlled by the principle of evolution. The inverted umbrella of hoops, in which the ladies once concealed themselves, gave way to the present tight-fitting dress, by slow and gradual degrees.

Attempts at reform in dress have failed because women were not disposed to accept a costume that is repulsive. The true thing to be done is to follow in the wake of the prevailing fashion, and try to keep it within reasonable bounds. Teach young girls that they do not enhance their beauty by making themselves look like insects and trying to walk like them.

It is a comfort that the male dandy is nearly extinct—fashionable men in our day rather affecting roughness and simplicity in their ordinary attire. People of all nations are beginning to dress alike—Turks, Chinamen, and Japanese included. Our modern costume is hard upon sculptors, but it is well adapted to the practical uses of life. We shall never go back to the old fashions again—that is, the men will not.

"Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

ORIGINAL thought is not confined to the mental laborer alone. It enters into and improves all manual work. The farmer in the field, the porter with his burden, the mechanic with his tools, the woman busy with her needle or housework, can all be original workers—that is, they can not only imitate what they have been taught, but also put fresh life into it by thinking and by weaving their thoughts into their work, so as to do it better and more easily. People who do this rarely have to seek far or long for employment; their services are always in demand, and their advancement is assured.

OVER the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom more delicate and beautiful than the fruit itself—a soft delicate flush spreads its flushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, it is gone. The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels—once shake it so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be again what it was when the dew fell silently on it from Heaven. On a frosty morning you may see panes of glass covered with landscape, mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, that delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored.

MANY have talked in very exalted language of the perpetuity of friendship—of invincible constancy and inalienate kindness; and some examples have been seen of men who have continued faithful to their earliest choice, and whose affections have predominated over changes of fortune and contrariety of opinion. But these instances are memorable because are rare. The friendship which is to be practised or expected by common mortals must take its rise from mutual pleasure, and must end when the power ceases of delighting each other.

THE heavens themselves run continually round; the world is never still; the sun travels to the east and to the west; the moon is ever changing in its course; the stars and planets have their constant motions; the air we breathe is continually agitated by the wind, and the waters never cease to ebb and flow; doubtless for the purpose of their conversation, and to teach us that we should ever be in action.

IT is not in the words that others say to us, but in those other words which these make us say to ourselves, that we find our gravest lessons and our sharpest rebukes. The hint another gives us finds whole trains of thought which have been getting themselves ready to be shaped in inwardly articulated words, and only waited the touch of a burning syllable.

HUMILITY is the most natural cure for anger in the world; for he that by daily considering his own infirmities makes the errors of his neighbors to be his own case, and remembers that he daily needs God and his brother's charity, will not be apt to rage at the faults of another, not greater than those which he feels that he is frequently and inexcusably guilty of.

IF there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress. If there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.

AN intrepid courage is at best but a holiday-kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in cases of necessity. Affability, mildness, tenderness, and a word which I would fain bring back to its original signification of virtue—I mean good-nature—are of daily use; they are the bread of mankind and staff of life.

As our intellectual food makes our minds what they are, coarse or refined, barbaric or cultured, disciplined or wild and riotous, so our spiritual companionship makes our spirits what they are.

MANY things rightly claim our attention; but none of them will receive it aright if our thoughts wander aimlessly from one to another without a guide.

WE should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDENT.—A creaking hinge can be cured by the use of a black lead pencil of the softest number, the point rubbed into all the crevices of the hinge.

POOR ANN.—Taking up one's cross means simply that you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one, carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can.

MIRIAM.—Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

VIOLET.—It is not usual to shake hands on being introduced to a stranger; but it is difficult to lay down an exact rule. You must be guided by circumstances. It is not ill-bred to do it, but in most cases superfluous.

J. S.—A perfectly formed woman will stand at the average height of five feet three inches to five feet seven inches. She will weigh from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and forty pounds.

GEO. E. F.—It is quite proper to address a young lady, whether married or single, as "Madam," in a business letter. It is also customary, in good business houses, to use this form of address verbally, in place of "Miss" or "Ma'am," and rightly so, as "Ma'am" is only an abbreviation of "Madam."

G. F. U.—The custom of presenting our friends with eggs at Easter was borrowed by the Christians from the pagans. It prevailed among the Persians, Jews, Egyptians, and Hindoos. It originated among the Persians, who believed that the world was a great egg, contended for by two spirits—Ormuzd, the good, and Ahriman, the evil.

DOUBT.—We do not see how a man could love a woman, or a woman love a man, without confidence in the loved one—without a thorough belief that he or she is unquestionably truthful and faithful. If a man fancies every time a girl to whom he is engaged does something which he does not understand, that she intended something wrong, he does not truly love her.

TEACHER.—In all probability Cardinal Mezzofanti was the greatest linguist who ever lived. The number of languages with which he was acquainted has been variously stated; but it appears to be a fact that when he was made a cardinal he replied to the congratulations of forty-three foreign bishops, and addressed each in his own tongue. He died in 1849, and is buried in the church of St. Onofrio, close to the grave of Tasso.

J. P.—Jewelers mark the fineness or purity of any alloy of gold by supposing it to be divided into twenty-four equal parts called carats, its fineness being according to the number of parts of pure gold in these twenty-four parts. For instance, gold 18 carats fine has in it eighteen parts of pure gold and six parts of other metal. Jewelers generally spell this word karat, and mark gold with a K and the figures marking the number of carats. Thus gold of 18 carats is usually marked K 18.

MACKINTOSH.—The name Dog Days was applied by the old astronomers to the twenty days before and the twenty days after the rising of Sirius, or the Dog Star, at present reckoned from July 3 to August 11. In ancient times summer heat and the fevers often accompanying it were attributed to the influence of the Dog Star. In more recent times the popular belief that at that period dogs are very liable to go mad has been held to account for the name, whereas the reverse is probably the case.

TRAVELER.—At one time the Dead Sea was thought to be a body of water in which fish could not live on account of its being impregnated with salt to such an extent as to render animal life in it impossible. The Dead Sea contains 25 per cent. of saline matter, or more than eight times as much as that found in the ocean. It has, however, been discovered that in the Dead Sea, as in other salt lakes, fish exist in the neighborhood of the inflowing streams which supply the place of the water lost by evaporation.

BRIDE E.—The bride goes up to the church on her father's right arm, the bridesmaids following two by two; her mother and sister precede her to the church; the former generally remains with the bridesmaids (just inside the doorway) until the arrival of the bride. If there is an odd number of bridesmaids one may walk first or last, as you prefer, but the latter plan is the more usual. The head bridesmaid walks immediately behind the bride. The bridegroom's relatives should place themselves at the left hand side of the church, the bride's relatives on the right. The bride stands at the bridegroom's left hand and comes down the church on his left arm.

ZENOBIA.—Palmyra, Wis. 1. In relation to Gog and Magog there are various legends. According to one, they represent the last survivors of a race of giants who infested Britain, and were extirpated by the Trojans, who came there soon after the destruction of Troy. They were chained as porters before the palace gates, and when they died these effigies took their place. Another legend states that one of these giants is Gogmagog, and the other Corineus, a British giant who killed him. 2. The effigies in Guildhall, London, have been from time immemorial the pride of the city. 3. In the Book of Revelation the words denote the enemies of Christianity who were doomed to destruction. In Ezekiel, Gog and Magog are connectedly used to designate a prince and a people of the North, apparently of the Scythian race.

NO MORE.

BY AARON SMITH.

A tale there is of deepest woe,
Two little words that tale unfold,
Where'er we be, where'er we go,
They quit not their enduring hold.

On simple faith and changeless love
Our bards with sweetest pathos dwell;
On constancy no power can move,
And truth defying Fortune's spell.

Yet friends are sever'd, lovers part,
While 'kerchiefs wave upon the shore,
A death-knell to the broken heart,
Ring out those words, "No more!" "No more!"

Reuben Royd.

BY MARY HAMPDEN.

DOES any one know you are in England?"

"No; I wrote from Melbourne to say I would return, but there are a few technicalities to be gone through, and I shall lie perdu until I'm wanted."

"You will not take advantage of your enormous fortune? Not burst upon the London seasons, glorious in the glamor of your gold?"

"You sarcastic fellow! No; it's rather too soon after my uncle's death, and, though I never saw the old man, I'd like to treat him decently now he's gone. My affairs are in the hands of my lawyers; there are a few legacies, of course, but the executors are abroad and nothing can be done till they return. Why do you speak of gold as though you despised it, Royd? You used not to be like that in the old days."

"Years alter men," my companion answered, a dull smile passed swiftly across his face. "Gold! What human being will not sell heart and soul for it? What life has ever passed without falling a victim to the gold fever? You tell me," he continued eagerly, "that you are sure of wealth, that you are worth twenty thousand a year?"

"Yes; that is the figure."

"Then you are sure of all the world can give, you are worth all that is counted advantageous. You may command smiles and rule flatterers, obtain social renown, speak and find listeners, cheat, lie, and count on pardon. All this gold can do. Accept the congratulations of a man who spends his life in vainly coveting a fortune such as yours!"

Reuben Royd stretched forth his hand and gripped mine, then threw himself back into the shadow of his elbow chair, his face recovering rapidly from the tension of passion; bending forward when a mere moment had elapsed, I looked into his eyes in wonder, for no trace remained of the intense feeling which had hissed out his rapid words:

"Gold—gold!"

I shall never forget the singular hatred that breathed in his utterance, not cease to wonder at the pallor but absolute calm of his countenance when the mental tempest had swept past.

I offered the cigars; and, having thus done my best for him, relapsed into a happy reverie over my own prospects.

Just forty, but feeling years younger, with all the world before me, and an income of twenty thousand per annum to spend in it, what wonder if the future was tinted in roseate hues? And there was another reason why my luck rejoiced me: far away in Australia where I had been spending my impecunious days, little brown-haired, blue-eyed Bertha Westonby was waiting for me to come back to her. She was poor, very poor—but she didn't know I was rich, and we had been as happy building our fancy castles for the future as many engaged paupers have been before us.

My lot was a complete contrast to that of the man I called my friend. Reuben Royd and Arthur Veriton! Our names had been coupled together in our childhood, in school days, and for a time longer, though he was only a tradesman's son and I the nephew of one of England's few moneyed agricultural gentlemen.

We had not met for twenty years, since we came of age together, and had heard nothing of each since. Royd, I knew, was as poor as he had ever been, and I had come home to welcome wealth and luxury.

We had chanced upon each other in one of London's crowded streets, and I had persuaded him to come back to my rooms with me that we might enjoy a smoke and a chat over old days; prosperity coming unexpectedly makes the heart tender to those who are still in the sloughs of poverty, and I was casting about in my mind for some idea how to benefit my erstwhile friend.

The pale rigid outline of his harsh features and the web-like wrinkles round his sunken eyes spoke of the work of time; he had gained a hollow in the cheek, a glitter shone in his swift glance; his had been a dark face at best, betraying the scholar's vice—cynicism—breeding distrust by sinister smiles, and still more sinister gravity; now it was darker.

Passing his fingers through his black curls he turned to me suddenly, and I noticed that as he spoke his gaze sought mine. "Truthful yet," I said to myself, "but unscrupulous. What has changed him?"

"Veriton, you are an enviable man" (his voice was soft and melodious); "you will never know the sorrow which has made my life."

"Made it? Wrecked it, you mean, old fellow."

"For good or evil it is made," he answered, "as an oak blasted by the lightning is made a thing of no value, the promise gone for ever, only the charred shell of wood remaining."

"Oh, you mustn't talk so." I endeavored to console him with some of the good honest home truths I had learnt partly in my youth, some of them so early that they were taught me by my mother's knee, and which I had trusted in ever since with an ever-growing faith in their wisdom: "A man shouldn't let his life be blasted by sorrow; we human beings are a trifle better than inanimate nature, I hope. Pull yourself together, Royd, and think how much of the great work of the world has been done by hearts that have been well-nigh broken—yes, and nobly done too. I never was one of those philosophers who believed nothing worth doing."

"I shall tell you my story?"

"I should like to hear awfully, but don't talk about it if—if it bores you."

He smiled, and replied by commencing his recital as indifferently as a child repeats its lessons; true, the suppressed low voice revealed more than his manner, but neither pause nor gesture declared the tale to be the secret of his life.

"Nineteen years ago, Lord and Lady Loriston and their only daughter, Lady Mabel Loris, took up their residence at Morecombe Hall. You remember the place, Veriton?"

"Perfectly."

"They had one son, a boy whose health broke down at Eton, and the child was brought home to be privately taught. The tutor was a man of low birth, but whose parents had contrived to send him to college, so he was fitted for the task of education. The lessons progressed day after day, and every evening when the paid work was accomplished he studied, for he was ambitious."

"The tutor was?"

"An unworldly dreamer, one so young that he learnt to love—myself. How shall I describe Mabel Loris? Tall and seventeen, she united the wit and frolic of a hoyden with the promise of a queenly womanhood; she accepted the homage of her brother's tutor, enchanted by the romance which varied the monotony of country pleasures; it was charming to have a secret—to reply archly to whispered compliments, to call society 'so terribly prosaic,' to deplore its 'hatred of true love.' Shall I explain to you how they met every morning by the edge of the lake to encourage each other with assurances of their unalterable fidelity? Shall I tell you how his dreams were dreamt? What future greatness he, in his pride, imagined would be his; how he would lay a glorious career before her feet some day, when men would call him noble; he, of low birth? Are all young men enthusiasts? Probably. I will not weary you with this tutor's fancies.

"A day passed when they thus exchanged their vows; a day came when her promise was denied. She had been away to town for her first season, and on her return to Morecombe the tutor told her how the time had fared with him, how he had kept tryst with her in his heart, thinking of her dear face, longing for her return. She answered, with a laugh in which lurked fear, that she could not let him speak of the old folly now, that she had learned her own mind; how foolish they had been! Vows? She would not remember them. 'I was such a child,' she pleaded. 'If you would only forgive me, and think no more about it? You are young, too, Reuben—Mr. Royd—you will so easily forget!'

"Lady Mabel married a moneyed widower before the year was over, and if the tutor thinks of her? Well, no matter; she is free again now, and he is still poor. That is the story of my life."

"A sad story, but not sad enough to make you a cynic. Why, man! Everything changes as it grows; why not a girl's heart? Perhaps she was dazzled by the world's promise, influenced by friends and parents. You have not much right to blame her, seeing how young you both were."

"Blame her," he cried, losing for an instant the stern self-control of his set face. "If ever I can humble her, I will do it. Love! Yes, it is the fondest love that turns to fiercest hate; I know the day will come when my revenge shall be fulfilled."

"For heaven's sake don't speak so wildly, Royd! Mortal man is not a right instrument of vengeance, and when he seeks it he only loses his own soul. I'd rather think that some day you may find a woman sweet and tender-hearted, a home queen, not a society sovereign, like my Bertha—one who will teach you that human creatures should forgive each other's faults, not try to punish them."

"You have found her?"

"Yes," and then I told him of my Australian sweetheart, my blue-eyed, brown-haired betrothed: and, after the manner of man, was selfishly absorbed in the recital.

I, Arthur Veriton, picturing the future, dwelling on the past, ceased to speculate on the revenge of Reuben Royd.

* * * * * *

"We are in distress; come to me at once, for I know you will help us.

BERTHA WESTONBY."

The words of the telegram I had just received rang in my ears with monotonous persistence as I hastened to my friend's lodgings to discuss the matter with him. What could the distress be? Money losses? Then, fortunately, I was in a position to relieve it; at any rate I must obey the summons instantly.

"Royd!" I exclaimed, "will you go to my lawyers and explain my absence? And stay in town; don't go away until I come back. There is a check to pay all expenses." (I thrust into his hand the equivalent of five hundred pounds.) "It will set you up in some literary work by which you can make a name."

"I have doubled the money you gave me some weeks ago, when we first met, Veriton; I shall treble this, and then my ambition will be within my reach."

"Don't lose it. I'm glad you are ambitious."

"I am enough of a fatalist not to fear chance. You will not let any one but your lawyers know where you are, I suppose?"

"No, I haven't any friends; I don't know a soul in town."

"Which way are you going?"

"Aberdeen Company, via the Cape; forty-two days!"

So we parted.

During the voyage I was harassed by anxiety for my little Bertha, but when I reached Melbourne, it was only to find I had been tricked by some one; she had sent me no telegram, they were in no distress; the message which had called me away from London had been the work of some hand unknown.

It is needless for me to dwell upon the return journey; suffice it to say that when I again entered Royd's lodgings it was only to find him gone.

"Veriton, I congratulate you," said an old college chum whom I met by accident in the street, and to whom I introduced myself. "She is a beautiful woman, and you are a lucky man, and no mistake!"

"How did you hear, Lester? I thought the secret was safe for some time."

"Haven't you seen the Trumpeter?"

He pulled it from his pocket and showed it me, and I scanned the page anxiously only to find the following announcement:

"A marriage has been arrange between Mr. Veriton, of Vere, nephew of the late Ambrose Veriton, Esq., and Lady Mabel Beauregard, widow of the late Colonel Beauregard, of Silston, Notts."

The paper fell from my hands. Then Reuben Royd had usurped my place, had burst upon society in the glamor of my gold, has passed himself off as the fortunate inheritor of my uncle's thousands? Two months and a half had elapsed since my departure; in that time he had deluded Lady Mabel into accepting him; he, the penniless man, whom I had assisted; this, then, was the revenge which he had planned.

"The affair is being discussed everywhere," said Lester, amazed at my silence. "I've only just come back from Scotland, but I find October absolutely gay in town, and all thanks to you. By-the-bye, you didn't ask me to your ball to-night—but it's not too late yet."

"My ball? Where?"

"Why at the family mansion in Grosvenor Square, to be sure. "Good heavens! Veriton, what is the matter? Have you gone off your head that you don't know where you've invited your own guests?"

"There has been some mistake; but, old man, whatever you do, don't chatter. Certainly, I should have asked you—quite an old friend—you will come, of course?"

"Yes—happy!—but you won't have time to get home and dress if you don't look sharp. Do you know it's quarter past eight already?"

I took a hansom and drove to my rooms; then, correctly attired, to my own house, which I had never entered, but of which Royd had taken possession. I was late, but contrived to enter unnoticed with a stream of guests.

"Capital fellow, Veriton!" I heard Lord C. explain to a group of political men on my right, "a strong Tory; he ought to be useful to us when he's married."

"Yes," lisped one of the year's beauties, "and so interesting. I never met any one with a better manner."

There was a crush on the great staircase, and, looking over the sea of heads, I saw the host receiving his friends; his usually pale face was flushed with excitement, his lips wreathed with smiles. I was near enough to hear him murmur:

"You do not need to hear me speak a welcome."

A lady was standing with her hand momentarily in his; there was a meaning glance passing among the bystanders.

"Lady Mabel is looking radiant to-night."

"Yes; and what a perfect gown!"

This, then, was the woman to whom he was for the second time engaged. I did not wish to make a scene before all the people, partly for her sake, partly because I would not expose the man whom I had once called "friend," and I pressed my way back down the stairs, determined to seek a refuge where I might observe events, myself unnoticed. A door in the left of the hall yielding to a push, I found myself in a corridor—then in a less brightly illuminated room—a library, evidently. Luckily my footsteps had been noiseless, for I saw I was not alone. Royd was standing by the fireplace, and beside him his betrothed, the lady with the sweet worn face and weary eyes. Whilst I had been groping my way by dark passages he had left his post of duty to snatch a few moments of her society. Surely deceived as I had been, I had the right to play eavesdropper. Drawing back behind a screen I watched and listened.

"You would always be true to me, Mabel?"

I hardly recognized the hollow voice as that of my friend; his tone was usually silvern, smooth, musical to a degree; this was the voice of a man whose soul reproached him, whose life was a lie, yet what meant its pathos? Had he pursued revenge only to rouse the old love to be in its turn his pursuer?"

"You do not doubt me, dear? Years ago when I was quite a child I was false to one who cared for me; but I was so young, so dependent upon those who influenced and persuaded me. I have told you the tale—how he was only a tutor, a poor, low-born man, so rough, so proud, that I half feared him. Yet I have regretted my broken promise all my life. Arthur, you must not be angry with me if I say I think sometimes I love you for your likeness to him."

Her head was leant against his shoulder, and the firelight shone full on his dark face as he kissed her.

"If he were to come back—to plead with you for a renewal of your love, to tell you how he has dreamt of you day and night, how he has kept tryst with you in his heart—what would you say to him, if he were poor as before?"

"But you—Arthur!"

"Forget me for a while; it would please me to know you were true to your old love—dead he is most likely. I do not fear the dead!"

"Then, poverty would make no difference; but, Arthur, why do you look at me so strangely?"

"If he had cheated you, lied to you—if he had lived his life seeking revenge upon you for your broken vow—would you forgive—could you love him still?"

"That would be too terrible. He would have no right to look for pardon. I was a thoughtlessly cruel girl, but I never wished him ill. Yet true love, even so far past, has a memory; because he was once dear to me I could forgive him—and then, who knows? How could a woman's heart

fail to care for one whom she had utterly forgiven? It is the way of you men, Arthur, to grow cynical and rave at our fickleness, but all the while you are longing to believe in us again, and at last the day comes when you learn that the safest, and perhaps the noblest, love is touched with pity."

He had thrown himself into a chair and had buried his telltale face between his hands.

"Oh, my God! Is it for this I schemed?" I heard him groan.

"You? . . . Reuben!"

"Mabel, I have brooded over the wrong you did me, until my anger had become a monomania! I have pictured you in my thoughts as a heartless, callous flirt! Yes, let me tell you," he exclaimed, as she turned from him sobbing bitterly. "I have forced myself to hate you; and then followed my plan. I, posing before the world as the intellectual, high-born man of fortune, would win your love only to cast it from me—to jilt you, as you once jilted me! The real Arthur Verlton may return at any moment, and I—I have lingered over my revenge until the crushed down love has risen from it. . . . You, whose pride I wished to pain, have taught me self-contempt. . . . You said just now that if Reuben Royd begged for your pardon you would grant it him! . . . Those words have taught me how I should have pardoned . . . how I have misjudged you! . . . Mabel! If true love even so far past has a memory—before I go . . . forgive me!"

* * * * * *

Three days later I met my friend Lester at the club.

"What is all this I hear about you, Verlton, and the other man? There is not any truth in it, is there?"

"As much truth as there usually is in gossip," I answered, with as careless an air as I could presume.

"By Jove! it's no use trying that on with me. People say that you sanctioned his goings on—that you let him take your name and hoax society—and deceive Lady Mabel into an engagement!"

"The announcement in the Trumpeter has been contradicted, and I want you to seem to believe the tale, Lester,—it isn't quite right—but for the lady's sake, and a little for his, too, we are going to pretend it was. There was an old love affair between them, years before she married Beauregard, and they made it up again; but Royd was one to whom the world denied the title 'gentleman;' now that it has been trapped into receiving him, it will not own itself duped. Theirs will be an indefinitely long engagement, lasting their lives long perhaps, but Lady Mabel's choice has been declared charming and distinguished by the most competent judges. Of course there is another side to the tale. I, in my turn, was attached to a dear little girl on the other side of the water—a poor, insignificant, ignorant dear little girl—and I wanted to win her before shocking her with an account of my wealth. Leaving Royd to play my part in England, I went back to Australia and—well—you'll hear of my wedding in a few weeks, as soon as her people bring her across. Romantic tale, isn't it?"

"You don't expect me to believe it?"

"No; but persuade others to do so."

"Will Lady Mabel forgive him?"

"She has, Lester; never was a man so changed! He has learned to doubt himself—to acknowledge vengeance is a weapon too mighty for the weak human hand to wield. I should not be surprised—women are such strange creatures—if some day she does not repay him his revenge by love and trust."

The Colonel.

BY X. Y.

HELEN ST. MAUR was coming into her brother the Colonel's study, or smoking-room—it was called by either name indiscriminately—with his little son and heir perched on her shoulder; but seeing that he was not alone, she gave the child to his nurse, and with a bow and a smile was herself retreating, when one of the gentlemen sprang forward to prevent it.

"Pray don't go away, Miss St. Maur; I have a favor to ask of you. No, indeed you are not interrupting us. The business we were transacting is an fait accompli. There is nothing more to say, is there Mr. Dalham?"

The young man, who was thus addressed in slightly imperious tones, started as he heard the sound of his own name, for he had been absorbed in gazing at Helen. She was a queenly girl; no other word expresses so well her stately gait and figure. Without being absolutely beautiful, she had a calm, thoughtful face, like the face of a Greek statue, and eyes of the darkest gray, that, once seen, were not easily forgotten.

As she turned them upon the rapt gazer, his color rose; he stammered an incoherent reply, looked for his hat, and would have hurried from the room, if Colonel St. Maur had not interfered.

"Will you not stay and lunch with us?" he asked, good-naturedly; "another, then; but before you go, let me introduce you to my sister. Helen, this is Mr. Dalham. We shall be near neighbors of his shortly, for he is the owner of that fine old-fashioned manor-house you talk of sketching, as soon as we take possession of the place I have brought in Sussex."

"Ha! you promised to show me some photographic views of your new purchase!" exclaimed the gentleman, who had rushed across the room to detain Helen. "Are they in this portfolio?"

During the confusion of seeking the photographs, Mr. Dalham made good his escape, and as soon as the door closed after him, Sir Lorris Hardley laughed softly.

The laugh was echoed by his devoted friend, Lieutenant Sapson, who had been sitting for the last half hour on the arm of a chair, swinging one of his legs like a pendulum, and inanely sucking the silver top of his riding-whip.

Helen looked an inquiry at her brother, who raised his eyebrows slightly, but did not speak till she asked outright:

"Is there anything peculiar about this Mr. Dalham?"

"Not that I am aware of," replied Eustace St. Maur, in the indefinable tone that betrayed to his observant sister a certain degree of uneasiness. "He's not very bright, I fancy, but susceptible of polish. I rather like him!"

"So do I!" said Sir Lorris, laughing in the same insignificant manner as before. "Immensely. Thanks to him, I have some pleasant tidings for you, Miss Helen. I have got rid of that brute of a horse of mine, that frightened you in the park the other day, and spoiled our pleasant ride!"

Helen shuddered at the remembrance.

"Yes, I was very much alarmed," she admitted. "I never saw a more vicious animal, nor, I must add, a handsomer one. What a pity the creature possessed such an evil temper! So you have had him killed!"

Sir Lorris Hardley stared at her

"My dear Miss St. Maur, Rattlesnake cost me two hundred guineas!"

"And nearly your life," he was gently, gravely reminded. "Who can have bought him? Some trainer, anxious to emulate the feats of Rarey, the horse-tamer?"

"Je-ove, that would have been a start!" drawled Lieutenant Sapson. "How clever of Miss Maur to think of it! Dashed if such an idea ever entered my brain! Really now, it didn't 'sure you!"

"That'll do, Sappy," said the Baronet, whom he worshipped, "Miss St. Maur is too kind to ask of you such impossibilities as original ideas!"

"Meanwhile Miss St. Maur's question remains unanswered," said Helen, refusing to join in the smile at the lieutenant's expense.

"I beg your pardon!" cried the Baronet, "I ought to have told you before, that I have found a purchaser for Rattlesnake in our friend Dalham."

"Does he know that the animal is vicious?"

The Baronet reddened slightly. Helen St. Maur was a glorious creature; he hoped ere long to call her his wife, but she had a way of looking right in your eyes occasionally, that was rather—well, you know, at times it was decidedly confusing.

"Of course, I warned Rattlesnake's new master that he had plenty of spirit."

"And that you had found him quite intractable?" persisted Helen.

"Not exactly that," replied the Baronet, hurriedly. "When one sells a horse, Miss St. Maur, it is not customary to draw attention to all his tricks of temper. Mr. Dalham must get rid of the brute, if he cannot manage it, as I have done."

"He's awfully soft!" said the lieutenant, with a titter. "Believes all you tell him; he does, 'sure you! Quite a rural—what is it?—you know. How he will be fleeced if he goes on the turf! There'll be larks for somebody, but it won't be Hugh Dalham, Esq., of Dalham Hall! If he rides Rattlesnake in those steeplechases at Sandown—Je-ove! there'll be work for the doctors!"

"Chut! you are trying to frighten Miss St. Maur with your croaking?" demanded the Baronet, angrily. "Dalham told us he had been used to horses from his boyhood, or—or I shouldn't have let him have mine. You believe this, don't you?"

This last question was murmured in an undertone to Helen, but she was looking absently at the window, and did not appear to have heard it.

Mrs. St. Maur—a pretty, vivacious little woman, very proud and very fond of her graver sister-in-law, yet slightly in awe of her—now came into the room. She had decided some months since that Sir Lorris Hardley would be an excellent match for darling Helen, and refused to listen to her husband the Colonel when he demurred.

"It would be the match of the season; he so much sought after—why, half the women in London were in love with him—and Helen, with all that fine property her uncle had left her, and really wanting someone to manage it for her. Then again, no one could see them together, without acknowledging that they were made for each other; he so fair, she so dark, etc., etc. Nothing could be more suitable, and if only Helen would thaw a little, and give her suitor more encouragement, the marriage might come off before they went to Scotland for the autumn."

Helen did not appear in a very encouraging mood this morning. She answered when spoken to, and tried to smile at Lieutenant Sapson's attempts to be facetious, but she would not second Mrs. St. Maur's attempts to arrange for an afternoon at one of the picture-galleries; and when the luncheon-tray had been removed, the visitors had no excuse for staying longer.

Mrs. St. Maur ran upstairs to romp with her babies in the nursery; and the Colonel, in a comfortable attitude and an easy chair, prepared to enjoy a cigar and the newspapers which his military duties had forbidden earlier in the day.

But Helen was leaning over him, and demanding a hearing.

"Tell me more about this new acquaintance, this Mr. Dalham."

"And then you'll leave me in peace? His father was an ill-tempered, miserly man, who treated him and his mother villainously. Dalham the elder died a few months since, taken off so suddenly, that he could not fulfil an oft-made threat of leaving all he had to found a hospital."

"And his son—is he half an idiot, as Sir Lorris seemed to imply?"

"I don't know. I don't think so, but have only seen him once before this morning, when he called on some question of a right of way across a corner of the little estate I have just bought."

"Well? go on, please."

"My dear, I have finished. He had scarcely stated his business, when Hardley, and that idiot who trots after him, were shown in."

"And you handed him over to their mercies?"

"Did I though?" exclaimed the Colonel, nettled the at tone. "I always set my face against horse-dealing, except with professionals. They had discussed the subject at the club last night, and I could not forbid them to come to a decision, could I? Why do you talk at me as if I had any hand in young Dalham's bargain?"

"Answer me this, and I'll go away, and tease you no more. What did Mr. Dalham give Sir Lorris for Rattlesnake?"

Colonel St. Maur replied with evident reluctance.

"You should put your questions to Hardley himself. But if you must know, it was two hundred and fifty guineas."

Helen kept her word and departed, but as she went, she paused to a fling a parting shaft, that made her brother wince and writhe.

"And you would have let me drift into marriage with a man so unprincipled as Lorris Hardley! Is this how you keep your promise to our dead mother to guard me from evil?"

She was gone before the Colonel could defend himself. He was an easy, good-natured man, and had, or thought he had, plenty of convincing arguments to adduce. He could have told her, that in buying and selling horses, the worst side of a man's nature often comes to the front, and this often happens although he would scorn to take a mean advantage of another in any matter of business. But Helen's parting taunt lay heavy on his conscience; and when next pretty Mrs. St. Maur laughingly told him that she fancied Sir Lorris had nerved himself to put the momentous question, and only waited an opportunity, she was forbidden to use her influence in his favor; Colonel St. Maur speaking with a sternness so unusual as to be startling.

* * * * * *

Between the acts of "Macbeth," Sir Lorris Hardley found his way to the back of Helen St. Maur's chair, in the box she was occupying with her sister-in-law.

"Have I been so unfortunate," he murmured in her ear, "as to displease you? Twice I have called, and been rebuffed with a chilling 'Engaged,' and now you speak to me reluctantly, frigidly. Oh! Helen, if you knew——"

But her suggestion forbade him to say more, and reminded him that this was too public a place for a love scene.

"If my good opinion is worth having, Sir Lorris," she said at last, "and you really value my friendship—I cannot promise you more—I think you know the way to win it."

"You would have me do—what? Acknowledge that I regret wounding your tender heart, by allowing another to run the same risks that I had run with that demon of a horse? I do regret it. I cannot be happy till you smile upon me in token that I am forgiven!"

"My forgiveness would not advantage the present owner of Rattlesnake. It is to him you must make atonement."

Sir Lorris gnawed the end of his moustache, and his brow grew black as night, but with an effort he spoke cheerfully:

"It shall be as you wish. My groom shall give his man a hint that Rattlesnake is not to be trusted."

"And in what terms will both these men discuss your conduct?"

Sir Lorris fiercely interposed.

"If they dare!"

"Why not! You will not be there to hear. Perhaps they will talk admiringly of your acuteness in making a clear fifty guineas by an animal that was no use to you."

"I wish I had had the brute shot!"

"So do I," said Helen, in her quietest tones, as the curtain was drawn up, and she turned her attention to the play.

But that Sir Lorris Hardley, in spite of his protestations, had given Hugh Dalham no warning as to the sudden fits of ill-temper that made his new purchase dangerous, she was convinced, when she saw in the list of gentlemen-riders for the steeplechases already alluded to the name of the young man, "Hugh Dalham, Esq.," to ride his own horse Rattlesnake!

She set her lips together, but said nothing; only, on the following morning, Miss St. Maur mounted on her pretty roan mare, cantered up to the door of the stables rented by Rattlesnake's new owner.

"Is your master here?" she asked of the groom, who was staring open-mouthed at the unexpected and graceful apparition.

The next moment, Hugh Dalham, his pale, pleasant face paler with surprise and some deeper feeling, stood hat in hand at her stirrup.

"I am taking an unusual step," she told him, her voice faltering, her color coming and going, "but I should have never forgiven myself if I had not made you aware that the horse you have just bought is vicious. You must not attempt to ride it to-morrow. The creature becomes maddened by noise or excitement, and savagely tries to throw his rider and then trample him to death."

"Did Sir Lorris know this? But I beg your pardon," he added directly, "I have no right to asked you any questions; only to thank you, my mother's name as well as my own, for timely warning!"

"And you will not be rash, and ride to-morrow?"

"I will not," and he drew to allow the young lady to depart.

As her intentions had not been mentioned to her brother or his wife, neither was the result of this visit confided to them; but Helen, aware that she had acted in a very unconventional manner, was seized with a fit of shyness every time she thought of Hugh Dalham; and after she went into Sussex with her relatives, she contrived to be out of the way when he called with his mother, and also when Mrs. St. Maur made the usual round of calls to respond to the civilities of her neighbors.

Nor did she, in her daily walks, ever turn her steps in the direction of Dalham Hall. Three or four weeks had elapsed, and all she had seen of its inmates was the glimpse caught in church one Sunday of a very small, pale lady, shrouded in deepest mourning, and the equally pale, thin young man, on whose arm she leaned as she came up the aisles.

The gossips had plenty of tales to tell of the eccentricities of the late Mr. Dalham, and his atrocious treatment of his wife and son. Once in his boyhood Hugh had run away, but thought of his mother, enduring her hard lot without the comfort of his sympathy, brought him back.

Refused tutors on the plea of expense, he had been forced to educate himself as well as he could, with such help as Mrs. Dalham could give him. But lately emancipated from this tryanny, unused to society, credulous and inexperienced, such men as Sir Lorris Hardley would have found him an easy prey, if Helen's warning had not roused in him a spirit of disgust as well as resistance. Breaking through all the engagements for dinner-parties, shooting-matches, suppers with pretty actresses, etc., that had been pressed upon him, he went back to the Hall, to find truer friends in his books, and the dear mother who would never fail him.

Returning to her brother's, after a hurried journey to the North, to act as bridesmaid to a cousin, Helen found the whole household in a confusion, and the doctor's carriage at the door.

Mrs. St. Maur was ill. There was some reason to fear that her symptoms were those of diphtheria, and both she and her husband were eager for their little ones to be carried out of danger.

"Thank Heaven you are here, Helen!" exclaimed the Colonel; "Marian will be happy about the children if you are with them. A neighbor has already offered to take them in; nurse is packing their clothes. The wagonette will be at the door in five minutes, and I must not indulge myself with any good-bye kisses, coming as I do from their mother's bedside. Heaven grant that she may be spared to them!"

Bewildered by the haste with which she was hurried into the carriage—one screaming, struggling child in her arms, the elder plaintively asking questions about her poor mamma she knew not how to answer—Helen did not inquire whither they were going, till she had succeeded in pacifying her little charges.

"To the Hall, ma'am," the coachman replied. "Mr. Dalham come over to offer his house, as soon as he heard of missus's attack, and Mrs. Dalham sent word an hour ago that everything was ready for little miss and master, and she'd look after 'em till you got here, so that the nurse could stay with Mrs. St. Maur."

It was Hugh Dalham who came to the door to cordially welcome his mother's guests, and relieve Helen of the heavy boy who had fallen asleep in her lap. But after this, she saw him no more for several days.

"Hugh thought he should be in the way," his mother explained, "so he has gone to attend a great sale of books in Paris. You must not atone to me for my boy's absence by letting me see that you feel yourself at home here. Will you endeavor to do so, my dear Miss St. Maur? The society of your creatures like yourself and these little ones will be a great boon to me."

Helen was not given to being demonstrative, but she kissed the soft, thin cheek of the speaker, resolving that not all her anxiety respecting her brother's wife should prevent her from making her visit an acceptable one to the long-secluded mistress of the Hall. Her esteem and affection for Mrs. Dalham increased with every hour they spent together. Mrs. St. Maur was a lovable little creature; it was an immense relief when she was pronounced out of danger; but she was not a woman of deep feelings, refined and chastened by long years of a most unhappy marriage, and Helen, while grieving sincerely for her sister-in-law, could not but enjoy this intimacy with her new friend.

During a confidential chat, the name of Sir Lorris Hardley was casually mentioned, and Mrs. Dalham nodded significantly.

"I have heard that gentleman mentioned as your future husband. Is this correct?"

Helen was thankful that she could answer in the negative. She would have been overwhelmed with shame if truth had compelled her to say she was engaged to the late owner of Rattlesnake.

After this, Hugh Dalham—recalled by a telegram from his mother—came back to the Hall, to be the playmate of the merry children, and the companion of their aunt in her daily rides and drives. The first time they went out together the horse on which he nimbly vaulted was Rattlesnake.

Helen recognized it directly, and looked an anxious inquiry.

"There is nothing to fear now," she was assured, "my horse knows and loves me. He was not naturally spiteful, Miss St. Maur, but made so by harsh usage. Patience and kindness have so completely tamed him, that we have thought it only fair to give him a more suitable name. Allow me to introduce him to you as the Don."

"Then you have not repented your bargain, after all?"

"Repented a purchase that has given me so much pleasure as well as occupation! No, no. Besides, did I not owe my first acquaintance with you to the Don?"

Helen shook her reins till the mare started away, but it could not have been to hide any displeasure, for the next minute she was merrily challenging Mr. Dalham to a race over some short turf by the roadside.

The following week, Mrs. St. Maur's medical attendants pronounced her sufficiently convalescent to be removed to Brighton, and thither her sister-in-law accompanied her.

Sir Lorris Hardley met them on the pier, and thought he had never seen Helen look so lovely. She had more color, more animation, and there was a gentleness in her manner it had hitherto lacked.

But when, as she paced beside Mrs. St. Maur's bath-chair, he would have renewed his wooing, she started away from him so abruptly, that he was discomfited, and the invalid saw it.

"I'm afraid it's no use, Sir Lorris," she said, softly. "Madame Helen has stolen a march upon us all, and promised her sweet self to Hugh Dalham."

"That young idiot! Impossible!

"Truth is always stranger than fiction, and I should not advise you to call Helen's betrothed naughty names in her hearing."

"But to think that she should throw herself away on the heir of miser Dalham!"

"Hugh is a good son," said Mrs. St. Maur, "and an excellent landlord; bent on making amends for all that the tenants and laborers suffered under his father. My husband says he is one of the most honorable of men. As for Helen, I may as well tell you frankly that she adores his mother, and thinks him perfection."

Sir Lorris did not care to hear more. He comprehended too late that the excellent bargain he had made on the sale of his horse had lost him the hand of the lady he had set his heart on winning.

BEGGING LETTER WRITERS.

Of course a certain proportion of these appeals are genuine. If that were not so, the rogue and vagabond would, like Othello, find his occupation gone; for the tendency of many people is to give indiscriminately in order promptly to be rid of importunity; but if such donors knew that by yielding to the first demand they became "marked" in the profession, they would pause, for the confraternity have the most business-like habits, and regularly post into their ledgers the names of impressionable people, who are likely to be profitable to them on future occasions.

To set up as a begging letter writer a little cash capital is required; but fertility of resource and of invention is the greatest desideratum. Caution has to be displayed in the choice of one's dupes, but with the advantage of a ready-made "connection," the "goodwill" of which may sometimes be acquired for a monetary consideration in a common lodging house from a "professor" who is giving up the business, there is no difficulty in making a start.

The next thing is to obtain a model for a touching appeal. There used to be, and may be still, men who subsisted in the low lodging houses upon their earnings as composers of these flying effusions, which were sold to men with less inventive brains.

The replies to the letters are usually directed to be forward to what is called an "accommodation address." There is no trouble in obtaining a temporary address; but such a convenience requires to be used with care, for in the event of complaint the police would take care to watch the place well.

An accommodation address may frequently be a small room rented for the sole purpose, and left untenanted and unfurnished. A man who for twenty years carried on this plan was believed to be in collusion with the landlady of the house.

Such partnerships are not uncommon; and one of the strangest was that which existed between man and woman. The woman distributed a circular asking for help to set up a poor widow in a respectable business.

Not long afterwards the watchful eyes of the Mendicity Society noted that a certain lawyer, dating from a reputable address, was issuing precisely the same appeal on the same pretext, with the addition that the widow's story was supported by the testimony of a country physician. Inquiry was made, and revealed that the solicitor and the widow were living together, and had shared the plunder.

Very often letters identical in their character and wording are "planted" with various people, and are afterwards called for. The more plausible the story the better are the chances of success. Bodily infirmities are usually relied upon to point the moral of a moving tale. For instance, one man represented himself to be "a desperate cripple with acute rheumatism in his legs and knees," the truth being that he was healthy and active; and so far from being out of work, was in regular employment, it was believed, as a servant to a club, where he, no doubt, acquired valuable information as to the members of the aristocracy who were most sensitive to pitiful stories.

Men of education, and even of position, condescend to the trickery of better letter writing, and they form the most dangerous members of their class. One man employed his eldest boy to leave petitions at gentlemen's houses. The lad was watched and taken in custody. Finally, he was sent to school, and then the heartless father used the younger children in the same manner, having deserted the boy altogether directly he fell into the hands of the authorities.

The petitions in question purported to bear the signatures of well-known persons, the styles of handwriting being varied, and they were usually addressed to members of Congress, the applicant representing that he was a constituent, and that a fund was being raised to start him in business and save his wife and children from pauperism.

One individual has been known to have traded upon the alleged death of his wife for a long while, for he was without the money, he said, to bury her; but all the time she was enjoying a very fair living, so she did not object to the postponement of her interment. This fellow was accustomed to resort to at least a hundred aliases.

The system usually followed by the Mendicity Society is to send a "visitor" to inquire into the representations made, and upon the basis of this investigation a report is sent to the subscriber. If a prosecution is determined upon, one of the constables of the society takes the matter in hand; but there is usually a difficulty to get the victimized subscriber into court, and without evidence as to the receipt of the letter, no magistrate will, of course, convict.

Probably this reluctance on the part of charitable people, who have been defrauded, to figure as prosecutors is very well-known. It is, at all events, true that an impostor who is never short of cash has been overheard to advise his compatriots to this effect:

"You don't come to this city to work, do you? I can make a better living by begging—so do as I do, and live like a gentleman."

DOGS AT DRILL.—Reading of the dogs trained in Northern France as sentinels, one cannot doubt the wonderful intelligence of our canine friends and servants. They learn their duties quickly. Two soldiers start off leading a dog by his collar, and when a mile from the starting point, one of the men turns back. In a short time the dog is let loose, and he immediately tracks the other soldier back to the post, rarely failing.

Dogs will scent an enemy at a distance of one hundred yards, growling and sniffing to attract the soldiers' attention. In scouting they are even more useful, for they search fields and thickets indefatigably—soldiers in foreign uniforms being hidden there as decoys during the lessons—and on finding an enemy at once run back to their keepers, showing every sign of agitation.

It is a very comical sight to see the dogs at drill, when the vagrant curs of the neighborhood generally collect near to watch the proceedings—evidently as much impressed by anything resembling military display as the ubiquitous small boy.

STARING AT LADIES.—A very common form of vulgar impudence is the staring at ladies. To do so in any public place is ungentlemanly, but to avail one's self of a vicinity which circumstances render unavoidable, is contemptible. The man who will stare continually at a lady across an hotel table, or in an omnibus, deserves to be arrested. Ignorant young men frequently do this, under the impression that it is not really disagreeable to the other sex, and they are, in fact, paying a species of compliment. Could they know the vexation and annoyance which are often masked under the air of calmness with which their insolence is received, they would think differently. We have heard, at an hotel, of instances in which ladies delayed their meals for hours, subjected themselves to many annoyances, and even left the house, in order to avoid the presence of some conceited puppy, who possibly imagined that he was recommending himself to their good graces.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A man in New York confesses to having shot at three men for fun. "One man's back was to me," he said, "and I wanted to see him jump. The others looked so scared when I fired at Fanning that I shot them, too."

A millionaire who has just died at Vienna had such an antipathy to darkness that he has actually left instructions in his will for the illumination of his last resting-place. An electric light is to be kept burning in the vault during the whole year, and even the interior of the coffin is to be electrically lighted. The expenses of this whim are to be defrayed by a special bequest set aside for the purpose.

The great vine, which is always an object of much interest to visitors to Hampton Court Palace, is bearing an abundant crop of grapes this season, although 100 bunches were removed when the vine was flowering, so as not to exhaust it. From 1400 to 1500 still remain, and the fruit is ripening remarkably well. This grand specimen of the old black Hamburg was planted 121 years ago, and the girth of the stem a foot from the ground is now forty-five inches.

At a graveyard in a little village in Lancashire, after a funeral service had been performed, the wife of the deceased, who had been weeping bitterly, was seen standing by the grave long after the rest of the mourners had gone. She looked around anxiously, as if to see if anyone was watching her; and then took from under her cloak a pair of old clogs and threw them on top of the coffin. "Tak' 'em with thee, Bill," she said, "for many a time thou hast kicked me with them."

A new Imperial train has just been built for the Emperor of Russia. The saloons are covered with iron outside, and then come some eight inches of cork instead of the steel plates with which the carriages of the old train were protected. All the saloons (which communicate by a covered passage) are exactly the same in outward appearance, so that no outsider may be able to discover in which carriage the Czar is traveling. During the Emperor's journey last autumn he passed most of the time in a carriage which, from the outside, looks like a luggage van.

A very touching story is told of a marriage which has recently taken place in Siberia. The bridegroom was a Russian officer who, for some political offence, was condemned to ten years' imprisonment in the mines, and banishment for life to Siberia afterwards. The bride was a beautiful girl, possessing a large fortune in her own right, who had followed her lover to Siberia, and after a long and weary search succeeded in discovering the whereabouts of his prison. By the permission of the commandant they were married, and the bridegroom came to the wedding in his soiled gray convict miner's dress, and with the chains which Siberian convicts always wear around their ankles to impede their movements and prevent escape. Now that this marriage has been effected, the bride has practically reduced herself to the status of a convict banished for life, and will have to wait for the termination of her husband's sentence before they can set up house together in the comparative freedom which is allowed to "colonists" of this class.

A tragedy of an unprecedented character lately took place near Paris. Some time ago a house was tenanted by three sisters, and the landlord was not long in discovering that those ladies were very undesirable. Their habits were most eccentric, and they showed a marked unwillingness to pay rent. They lived a life of deep seclusion, and no one was admitted within their precincts. At length matters came to such a pass that the landlord's agent was compelled to take proceedings, and this brought the troubles of the hapless spinsters to a culmination. One morning last month it was discovered that their house was on fire. The door was forced, and the ladies were all found dead, and the last survivor had evidently fired the house. Having utterly come to the end of their resources, the sisters had resolved to put an end to themselves. They had first killed their horse, dog, and cat, to which they were devoted. What a subject this extraordinary family would have offered to the pen of Balzac! The sisters were found to belong to a family once affluent, which had fallen on very evil days.

Our Young Folks.

AN UNGRATEFUL FLEDGLING.

BY L. M. BOWLEY.

"MOTHER, what is love?" inquired a young swallow as he nestled under his parent's wing.

"Love keeps the world warm, child," answered the elder bird, spreading her soft feathers a little further over the contents of the nest. "It makes the sun shine the grass grow, and the flowers bloom. But what put that into your head?"

"I heard the south wind whisper about it to the roses while you were away," and the youngster opened his yellow beak to its widest, well pleased at the sound of his own voice. "The roses tossed their heads and said nothing; so I thought they did not know, or care perhaps, about what they were told; yet it is good to be warm," and the speaker nestled closer to that sheltering wing.

"Those flowers are nearly as silly as yourself, my son," piped Mother Swallow with a fond smile. "They take all the sunshine that is lavished on them as the natural effect of their own beauty, instead of being the cause of it. Of course, then, it never enters their heads to be thankful for the gift. Of all bad things, may Heaven preserve me most from ingratitude!"

Most of the swallow family were by this time fast asleep, after a satisfying meal of worms; but the inquisitive fledgling who had first spoken was inclined to be wakeful and still more inclined to ask questions.

"I don't know what such words means," he twitted rather plaintively; "and this big brother, who was only hatched yesterday, takes up more room than all the rest of us together. Oh, he squeezes me dreadfully!"

The complaint sent the mother's thoughts into a new channel, and she muttered—

"Yes, it's a very strange thing. I've had more trouble in hatching him than the others; they were all out first, and his size is certainly remarkable. Ah, well! I ought to be proud of such a fine child, and so I am. Be quiet, Gapes; why can't you go to sleep like your brother, and sisters?"

Now Gapes was the eldest of the youngsters, and his ideas on life had begun to extend beyond eating and sleeping; indeed, he considered the use of the tongue to be the next best thing. Like many small people, this fledgling was fond of notice, and after listening for a minute, while his parent talked to herself, he pecked impatiently at the white waistcoat above.

"Mother, I don't believe the creature belongs to us at all!"

"Fie! fie!" cried the other indignantly: "you've no more sense in that round head of yours than the roses yonder. Why, I hatched each of you myself; so I ought to know best, though it seems the fashion nowadays for young folk is to make assertions before the very beaks of those who are old enough to be their grandmother!"

Gapes was abashed, but not for long.

"I've been out in the world nearly three weeks," said he; "and when you were away from us, I was too hungry to shut my eyes at first. Because of this, I saw one morning a big, big thing, something like you on account of her wings and tail, only they were ever so much larger. Well, as she flew past she popped an egg into our nest—an egg she carried in her mouth—and was off again in a twinkling, before there was even time to cry out."

"What a cock-and-bull story, my dear!" remarked Mother Swallow, with an uneasy laugh. "The fact is, you had a nightmare, and as your brains are not half grown you fancied it was true. Pshaw!"

Gapes did not approve of being laughed at; nobody does, whether three days or thirty years old; besides, he considered he had a good right to his own opinion; so he shrugged his little shoulders, and frowned in silence.

After this the hours passed peacefully enough, for the sunset was painting the western skies with all manner of pink, amber, and pearl tints; and by the time evening had turned them to a sheet of tender blue-gray, there was the silence of sleep in the swallows' nest.

Day after day went by, each in much the same fashion as the one before; but changes were creeping on, and Gapes held firmly to his opinion about the pushing brother.

The latter ate twice as much as the others, he shoved his brothers about mercilessly, and stretched himself till the rest were squeezed in discomfort, which, of course, grew worse as Bully increased in size.

One day a terrible scene took place when Mother Sparrow was far from home in search of a much-needed meal for herself.

"I tell you what it is," said Gapes; "you're making yourself a perfect nuisance, and I wish you'd never been hatched. If only I were a bit bigger, I'd turn you out!"

Bully laughed long and loud. "It's an odd thing," he observed presently, "but that's the very thing I've been thinking of doing. There are too many of us here, and I've heard that the weakest goes to the wall.

"You brute!" shrieked Gapes, trembling with fear and anger. "The others would not be weak if you did not eat their share of food as well as your own."

"Just so," was the cool retort; "when I've made more room in this nest, there'll be fewer mouths to feed. Out you go, Bald-Pate."

Gapes started, for without more ado the last speaker deliberately shoved his head under the nearest brother, and, deaf to his agonised cries, raised him on his broad back.

There was nothing now between the victim and space, for the edge of the nest was on a level with Bully's back, which gave a sudden jerk, and the burden was launched into destruction.

"Now, Squeaker, it's your turn. There'll be more room for growing down there, and you can send up word what you think of it."

This speech, panted out roused Gapes, and he attacked the murderer just as he was treating poor Squeaker like the other fledglings.

"Now, now," said Bully soothingly, "don't be so peppery, or I may be tempted to send you to join your brothers. That the house is getting too small for us is as plain to see as your beak, and if you can only hold your tongue, the mother's feelings need never be hurt by the knowledge that I have made more room here."

There was some reason in this, and Gapes, swallowing his wrath as best he might, sat plunged in thought. He felt tolerably safe, for being the eldest of the family, he was by this time a fair size, yet he could ill bear to sit quietly by the side of one who had proved himself as selfish as he was heartless. The wrathful youngster, had, however, no wings strong enough to carry him away, and even then what could he do without the help and shelter of a mother's love?

Presently there were cries of distress, a flutter of wings, and the nestlings knew the parent had returned.

"Alas!" wailed she, "those robbers must have been here. Boys are surely born to be the plague of innocent birds, to say nothing of others who know not how to return evil for evil."

Exclaiming thus, Mother Sparrow wheeled about the cold still bodies on the ground, and from time to time she touched them tenderly, but soon found this was useless, and so fluttered sorrowfully away to the others.

Gapes held his peace with tearful eyes while Bully told a lying tale suggested by the cry of robbers, for that seemed enough to explain the tragedy.

After this nothing happened for a few weeks, except that Mother Swallow's two remaining children grew and throve apace. Gapes' dark coat, with pretty forked tail and with waistcoat, were exactly like those of the elder bird; but, strange to say Bully did not resemble her in a single detail.

His whole person was more than double her size; his tail feathers gave not the faintest promise of a fork; lastly, his dress was brown from top to toe. Still the good mother never doubted, never relaxed for an hour her tender care, and put down Gapes' dislike to jealousy. At last the eventful day came when, after trying their wings close at home, the elder decided they must go further to see the world.

"Ah! love keeps the world warm, but it's cold out here, and I don't like it," tittered Gapes, as he fluttered reluctantly to the grass.

"Nonsense!" said Mother Swallow impatiently; "see how beautifully Bully gets on! Why, he is already half-way across the lawn to the railing, and I must go to get him some refreshment. You follow as you best can, and don't be scared by a shadow."

Yes, Bully flew heavily along till he reached some iron railings, where he sat making a low strange noise, as different as possible from a swallow's twitter. Backwards and forwards went the mother bird, getting flies or anything she could to reward the exertions of her nurseling, who snatched at all without a single word of thanks.

"I wish, my dear, you'd try to sing," said Mother Swallow presently, as she perched beside Bully to rest. "You have not once done so like the rest of the family and sometimes it makes me feel uneasy."

The other gave a mocking laugh, and said nothing.

"You might try, just to please me," went on the mother, a little sadly; but the undutiful child spread his wings, took a circling flight, and then settled where he was before.

The sun shone, and all the world was bright with happiness; but a shadow crept over Mother Swallow's heart as she watched her eldest son flutter towards her over the lawn. She sighed, and then Bully, for the first time, broke silence—

"You complain I do not sing like your family. Well, that's no wonder, seeing I've nothing to do with it. My mother, like a wise creature, put me out to nurse where she knew I should be well looked after; and since you've been foolish enough to spend weeks of care on me, I've reaped the benefit. When folk are no longer useful, it's best they should part company, and I'm old enough and strong enough to take care of myself. So good-bye, and better luck next time; cuck—cuck—cuckoo!" and with a shriek of derisive laughter the brown bird flew away.

Mother Swallow sat on, hardly able to believe her ears, till Gapes, who had overheard every word, said gently—

"Don't grieve mother; I always thought he never really belonged to us, and now we are both sure. It was he who pushed my brothers out of the nest, and he does not know the meaning of love."

Just then the sun hid his face, a chill breeze went moaning by, and the parent bird shivered.

"Let us go home, child; a storm is coming," said she, in the quiet tones of despair. "The sharpest weapon to pierce the heart is ingratitude, and had not love blinded me I might have recognised the colors of the horrid cuckoo race. Gapes, we will leave the country as soon as your wings are strong enough, and seek a more genial clime, where the cold wind of ingratitude does not freeze our warmth of heart, nor northern blasts that of our bodies."

"Do not grieve overmuch," replied Gapes caressingly. "Yes, I will go with you, and we will forget our troubles in a sunny land. For, remember, you told me 'Love keeps the world warm.'"

KEEPING HIS WORD.—A good story is going the rounds about a certain Hebrew merchant who failed for a large amount. He called all his creditors together and offered to settle with them for half a crown in the pound, giving them his notes, payable in thirty days.

As most of the creditors had little hope of getting anything they eagerly accepted the proposition. One man, however, stood out for better terms, and all efforts to get him to agree were futile. Finally the bankrupt took him out into the hall, and said, "Ven you come an' sign mit de udders, den I make you a preferred creditor."

"All right," said the other; "under those circumstances I will agree to a settlement."

The papers were signed and all the creditors left except the one who had been told he was to be preferred.

"Vat are you vating for?" said the man who had failed.

"Why, you said I was to be preferred. I am waiting to know what I am to get."

"Vell, I tell you; you get notings."

"Get nothing! Why, you promised to make me a preferred creditor if I would sign with the rest."

"And so you are. I make you preferred. I tell you now you get notings; de udders wait t'irty days before dey know it and den dey get notings."

AN ODD CUSTOM.—In Hungary and Brittany the young girls assemble on certain fete days, wearing red petticoats with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, denotes 100 francs per annum, and each yellow band denotes gold, betokening 1,000 francs a year.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Rifle bullets are now photographed in their course by means of the electric spark. The camera is taken into a dark room, which the bullet is caused to traverse. As it passes the camera is made to interrupt an electric circuit and produce a spark, which illuminates it for an instant, and enables the impression to be taken.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

It is asserted that in Wisconsin 77 of the postoffices are kept in saloons.

There is a man living at Liberty, Ind., who eats newspapers as a regular diet, so it is said.

There is a heifer at English, Indiana, which has given birth to five calves within 12 months.

Horses are so plentiful in Queensland, it is said, that a well-broken animal can be bought for $5.

Patsy Sears, of Howard county, Ind., aged 108 years, has been a church member a hundred years.

The Turkish Government has forbidden the importation of all patent medicines into that country.

The city of Paris, it is said, has 87,655 trees in its streets, and each tree represents a cost to the city of 175 francs.

A Mississippi man has a turtle with two heads and necks. It is covered by one shell and has only one set of legs.

An alarm clock in a bride's pocket in New York the other day struck just as the preacher was finishing the ceremony.

The daughter of Thomas Kenman, of Elnora, Ind., walked out of a third-story window in her sleep, but escaped material hurt.

The Legislative Assembly of Styria, in Austria, has passed a law forbidding poor people to marry without a special license from the authorities.

The Jerusalem and Jaffa Railroad will not enter the former city, but will have its terminus about three-quarters of a mile outside the city limits.

What is said to have been the largest horse in the world died a few days ago in Fort Worth, Tex. It stood 22 hands high and weighed 1200 pounds.

The American Bible Society will make an exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair in which will appear copies of Bibles in more than 200 different languages.

On the eastern shore of Maryland biliousness is treated by boring three holes in a carefully selected tree and walking three times around it, saying, "Go away, bilious."

The coming giant is an 18-year-old boy named Myron Jilson, who lives at Whittingham, Vt. He is 8 feet 10 inches in height, weighs 200 pounds, and is still growing.

The latest architectural novelty in Chicago is a book-shaped block, 12 stories high, to be known as the Mercantile Register. This book will have steel bindings, with terra-cotta trimmings.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed.

"Ku-ta-mo-ning-sha-hau-to-iu-to." That is from a new Chinese phrase-book, but it isn't Chinese—it is English. It is the way the Chinese are taught to say "Good morning, sir, how do you do?"

J. D. Burton, of Smithville, Georgia, bought a pig the other day and took it home. It did not relish its new quarters and returned to its former owner, swimming half a mile across a pond in its journey.

A rule has just been introduced at all the theatres of Italy by which the performers are forbidden, under pain of fine, to receive flowers during a representation, or to notice in any way the presence of the audience.

The Queen of Portugal is accredited by fashion leaders with being the most dressy woman in Europe. Her pale complexion and auburn hair admit of great latitude in dress variety, and she indulges in every caprice of fashion.

Dynamite has been superseded in Sweden for blasting purposes. Electric wires are introduced in the rocks and then heated. The sudden heating of the rock rends it in pieces, quietly and effectively, without peril to human life.

Cremation as a means of disposing of human remains after death is gaining ground in public favor, but very slowly—so slowly, indeed, that at the present rate of progress centuries will elapse before the practice shall have become general.

The Vienna Official Gazette advertises for a hangman, with the offer of a salary of $220 and $50 for lodging. One hundred dollars will also be allowed for two assistants. Candidates must give certificates of ability, experience and good character.

An insect of South America has its fangs so like the flower of the orchid that smaller insects are tempted into its jaws: while certain spiders double themselves up in the angle between the leaf stalk and the stem, and so closely resemble flower buds that their unsuspecting prey approach to their destruction.

When a young pair from Ridgefield, Conn, left the train at South Norwalk last week they were horrified to find several white ribbon bows attached to the top of their trunk, an old shoe on each handle, and across one end a placard on which was painted two hearts transfixed with a skewer, and the legend, "We are one." The bride cried and the groom swore.

DESTINED.

BY HARRIOT WOLF.

'Tween Heaven and Earth low sighing,
In tender chords low dying,
  Floats harp-like melody;
To all things in creation
Revealing the vocation,
  And what the end shall be.

It bids the eagle, "Onward—
Pierce upward—ever onward,
  Till Heaven's hand doth thee stay!"
Whispers the cloudlet, "Lower;
Bless Earth with fruitful shower;
  Then melt in golden day."

The swan, majestic gliding,
It bids, "Thy time proud biding,
  Dirge-chaunting, homeward hie."
Breathes to the Summer flower,
Bloom—fade with Summer hour;"
  To woman, "Love—and die!"

UPON BEARDS.

Like many another thing insignificant enough in itself, the human Beard has played an important part in the affairs of mankind, so much so, that we find it to have been the cause of a long and bloody war between the Tartars and Persians, co-religionists, from the former declaring the latter to be infidels, merely because they refused to trim their beards in accordance with a certain rite.

Some of the customs and ceremonies pertaining to this facial appendage, in vogue among different peoples at different times, are sufficiently curious to deserve mention; and we notice that nearly every calling and profession has in its turn been subject to stringent regulations regarding it.

In the same way as the wearing of beards, with certain few exceptions, is prohibited in the army in the present day, so, among the ancient Romans, military men wore it short and frizzled. Alexander commanded the Macedonians to shave themselves, lest the length of their beards should give a handle to their enemies; while, on the other hand, among the Catti, a nation of Germany, a young man was not allowed to shave until he had slain an enemy. But perhaps ecclesiastics have suffered most.

At one time they have been enjoined to wear beards, from a notion that it was effeminate to shave; and at another, not to, on the score that they might take pride in them, like the kings of Persia and some of the first kings of France, who had them woven and matted together with threads of gold.

After the introduction of Christianity, the Anglo-Saxons obliged their clergy to shave, in obedience to the laws and in imitation of the Western churches; a distinction between them and the laity of long duration, concerning which a writer in the seventh century complained that the manners of the clergy were so corrupt that the priests could not be distinguished from the laity by their actions, but only by their want of beards.

As a distinguishing mark, Perseus seems to have been so convinced of the beard being the symbol of wisdom, that he thought he could not bestow a greater encomium on Socrates than calling him "Magistrum barbatum." Slaves among the Romans wore their beard and hair long.

It was always in olden times, and is still among the Hindus, a sign of grief or joy according as the custom was to wear it or not: thus, the Romans, who shaved daily, suffered it in times of grief and affliction to grow; while the Greeks, who wore them, shaved at such times, like the Hindus.

Potter, in his "Archæologia Græca," tells us that in solemn and public mournings it was common to extend this practice to their beasts, that all things might appear as deformed and ugly as might be. Thus Admetus, on the death of Alcestis, commands his chariot horses to be shorn:

My chariot horses, too, my grief shall share;
Let them be shorn, cut off their lovely manes.

And Alexander, at the death of Hephæstion, not only cut off the manes of his horses and mules, but took down the battlements of the city walls, that even the town itself might seem to mourn, and instead of its former beauteous appearance, look bald at the funeral.

Among the Normans, to allow the beard to grow was an indication of the greatest distress and misery. It is mentioned by some of our ancient historians, as one of the most wanton acts of tyranny in William the Conqueror, that he compelled the English to shave their whole beards, and that this was so disagreeable to some, that they chose rather to abandon their country than resign their whiskers. Among the Turks, it is more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off than almost anything else, and there are many in that country who would prefer death to such disgrace.

With regard to religious ceremonies, the day on which a Roman or Grecian youth removed the first growth from his chin was held as a festival; visits of ceremony were paid, and presents made to him, while the down itself was consecrated to some god, usually to the Lares. Nero consecrated his in a golden box, set with pearls, to Jupiter Capitolinus.

By the statutes of some of the old monasteries, the lay monks were to let their beards grow and the priests among them to shave. The beards of all that were received into the monasteries were blessed with a great deal of ceremony; and there are still extant the prayers used in the solemnity of consecrating the beard to God, when an ecclesiastic was shaven.

The Russians wore beards until near the close of the last century, when their Czar enjoined them all to shave; but, notwithstanding his injuction, he was obliged to keep a number of officers to cut off by violence the beards of such as would not otherwise part with them. He also levied a tax on long beards, which many submitted to rather than part with what was universally held to be an ornament to the person. The superstitious among them thought it to be an external characteristic of the orthodox faith; and those who were too poor to pay the tax, religiously preserved their shorn beard, and had it deposited in the coffin with them on their decease, that they might present it to St. Nicholas, on his refusing to admit them, as beardless Christians, into the kingdom of heaven.

Grains of Gold.

Worry kills more people than the cholera.

It isn't always the best man who gets the biggest gravestone.

Life is not worth living unless you live for somebody else.

If happiness is your object in this life, don't try too hard to get rich.

Better live in a house without windows than in a house without books.

Those who wrong others, generally slander them to cover their own infamy.

The greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander; they never get enough.

It is always more discreet to be awkwardly silent than ridiculously loquacious.

Every man loves justice at another man's house; nobody cares for it at his own.

Do you know what charity is? Forgive if you bear ill-will, and pay what you owe.

When the tongue cannot be employed to some purpose, it had better be allowed to rest.

Comparing your sins with those of other people won't make your sinning any safer.

Do good to those who do you evil, and by this means you will gain the victory over them.

The devil don't want any stronger hold on a man than to get him to put off doing what he knows to be right.

The first point to be obtained is to know one's own mind. Once sure of that, the next is, to act up to the decision.

With every exertion, the best of men can do but a moderate amount of good; but it seems in the power of the most contemptible individual to do incalculable mischief.

Femininities.

Modesty is to merit as shade is to figures in a picture; giving it strength and beauty.

In Germany it has lately become the fashion for young women to go out as masseuses.

"Yes," said a Bostonian, "my father made his fortune by the perspiration of his forehead."

Miss Tompkins says that every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

An Indiana woman claims to have worn a corset for 70 years. A rather protracted stay.

A young man declares that his sweetheart is so tender-hearted that she cannot be persuaded to strike a light.

When a woman declares she has ceased loving you, she means she is going to take a new start and love you more than ever.

Playing four-handed pieces on the piano is the favorite and almost sole (save dressing) amusement of the Princess of Wales.

The boy is not only father to the man, but he aspires to be boss of the woman. When the woman is his mother he generally succeeds.

It is said that there are now orders ahead in the shops of Paris and London for all the golden hair that can be purchased in the next five years.

Topley: "What a pleasure to hear a baby cry!" Hayslit: "Why, I should like to know!" Topley: "Because it reminds you of what you have escaped."

An educated Indian who recently spent half an hour in reading the epitaphs in a cemetery remarked: "Huh! I guess the only good white man is a dead white man."

In the Vosges Mountains the young women who dress the bride strive as to who shall stick the first pin in the marriage robe, as the successful one will be married the same year.

An old way of interrogating fate in love affairs is to slice an apple in two with a sharp knife. If this can be done without cutting a seed the wish of the heart will be fulfilled.

People generally do not hanker after changes in the fashion of clothes, but there are few who do not feel that some change in the pockets of garments is a good thing now and then.

Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar shavings.

When a New York domestic demanded her wages the other day and did not get it at once, she at first threatened to murder her mistress, but finally compromised by attempting suicide.

Young ladies, when the question is popped, should endeavor to detect a peculiar ring in the man's voice, which is never absent if he is honorable and sincere. Of course, we allude to the wedding-ring.

She was a sweetly inexperienced young housekeeper, as one may gather from her remark when some one suggested that she should purchase spring mattresses. "Yes," she replied, "if they are in season we'd better have some."

The costliest dresses in the world are worn by the women of Sumatra. They are of pure gold and silver. After the metal is mined and smelted it is formed into fine wire, which is woven into cloth and afterwards made into dresses.

"Mamma," asked little Ethel, "be all grown people hateful?" "Why, Ethel, what put that into your head?" "Nothing, mamma, only I know that everybody who comes here is hateful, 'cause I hear you say so after they go away."

Whenever a woman begins to show curiosity about another woman's years, it is safe to assume that she has entered the era of comparing herself with others, and wonders whether she looks as old as this one or as young as that.

Brute: "Well, Ethel, how did you get on?" Angel, under treatment for her voice: "I didn't like it at all, and I don't see why the doctor finds it necessary to run an instrument down my throat so far that it seems as if he would touch my heart." Brute: "Oh, he was probably trying to find the end of your tongue, my dear!"

"Do your rooms smell unpleasantly? Sprinkle your carpets with ammonia." This advice, given by an esteemed contemporary, is apparently based on a faulty diagnosis. If a room should smell unpleasantly it would be evident that something was the matter with its nose; and the remedy should be applied to that organ.

Fannie Kemble at 82 is a sadly broken woman. She cannot write a letter except when a friendly hand guides the pen across the paper for her, and all the spirit and vivacity for which the great actress was once famous have left her. She no longer enjoys music except to listen to it, and her reading is limited to the Bible and a few religious books

Masculinities.

A man is on trial in the courts of Cleveland, Ohio, charged with being the husband of 21 women.

"How can a woman tell?" is the title of a recent poem. "How can she help telling?" would be more appropriate.

Harry Nugent, of Paris, Me., is 14 years old, weighs 208 pounds, is 6 feet 2 inches high and wears a No. 10 boot.

If a man would take as much interest in his work as he does in his sport, there would be no need of abolishing poverty.

If there is any good in a man it is bound to come out; but it should not come out all at once and leave the man empty.

If the anatomy of some people were constructed upon the proportion of what they say to what they do, there wouldn't be anything of them but mouth.

German Professor: "What a couple of bonnie little children, dear baroness! Twins, I suppose?" Baroness: "You have guessed rightly." Professor: "Are they both yours?"

Everything moves in a circle. Physicians say that loss of sleep is making men small and puny, and every parent knows that it is the small and puny beings that cause the loss of sleep.

Raggy Lilox: "Wy so very remorseful lookin', Windy?" Windy Whiskers: "I was just a thinkin', Raggy, wot a horrible thing it is to have a shad appetite with only a codfish ball income."

Gladstone's good health is ascribed to his magnificent capacity for going to sleep, and this capacity was undoubtedly developed by continued listening to debates in the House of Commons."

Caller: "Is Mr. Jones in?" Man: "Sure and Oi dunno. Come in here out uv the dar-rk and lit me see if yez have red whiskers. If yez have, and yer name is Blithers, the boss ain't in."

"You see that man occupying the two seats there?" "Yes." "He used to ride in the smoking car, but he doesn't any more." "Why not?" "He says the smoking cars on this road are not fit for a hog to go into."

A sentimental young lady having asked a gentleman why he did not secure some fond one's company across the ocean of life, replied that he would do so were he certain that the said ocean would be Pacific.

"Is he really in love?" "Is he? He is so much in love that he has become a letter-carrier, so he can get to read her letters sooner. Besides, as a letter carrier, he knows if she is getting letters from any other feller."

Bachelor: "Now you will admit that man is the intellectual superior of woman?" Benedict: "Generally speaking, I might. But somehow, when the case is narrowed down to one man and one woman, she usually gets ahead of him."

It is not generally known that the custom of keeping birthdays is many thousand years old. It is recorded in Genesis xl. 20: "And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his servants."

"This new soap," said the barber, "is very nice. It is made largely of cream, with just a dash of alcohol in it." "Well, remember I'm a temperance man," replied Boozer, "and dont put any more of it in my mouth than you can help."

A new fashion is reported—that of wearing little bells. Gentlemen have them fastened to their canes, ladies to their parasols, and English ladies in particular are said to delight in having them hung from different parts of their dress.

Great men, said Themistocles, are like the oaks, under the branches of which men are happy in finding a refuge in the time of storm and rain. But when they have to pass a sunny day under them, they take pleasure in cutting the bark and breaking the branches.

Mr. Gladstone defines his domestic policy as follows: "Whenever my wife insists I submit; whenever I insist she submits. We never dispute family affairs at the table, and if anything unpleasant occurs during the evening we never refer to it till the next day."

The Rev. Dr. Wild, who was once spoken of as Beecher's probable successor in Plymouth pulpit, was asked not long ago by a parishioner why he accepted a call to Toronto. "I might say it was a call from God," he replied, "but the real fact is that I am paid $200 a year more salary than I was getting."

It is hinted that Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales gives all her washing to be done by some poor ladies, who have known better days, as the saying goes, and in their decadence are obliged to support themselves by laundry work. This is like her Royal Highness' generous and delicate way of doing good by stealth."

A farmer in Manchester, Me., is reflecting sorrowfully upon the maxim that "Honesty is the best policy." Several years ago, in order to avoid paying some debts, he conveyed his farm, worth $4000, to his wife. The wife died recently, and according to law the property goes to her three children, the widower's right of dower excepted. The children refuse to reconvey the farm to their father.

The Squire's Model.

BY E. A. M.

MR. HAYWARD, I hear, is going to execute a splendid statue for the Burwood Exhibition in October. Gillingham and I were joking him about it the other day, and asking who his model would be, and he blushed like a boy of eighteen. He would not tell us, but I think we know who it will be—eh, Gertrude?" and Lady Mercia laughed archly, as she turned to her younger sister, a superb beauty, full aware of her own loveliness.

"I wish you would not be so ready to couple my name with Cuthbert Hayward's," answered the Lady Gertrude; pettishly; "people will think we are engaged, and it will spoil all my chances for the season."

"Well, do as you please, dear. Only he is of old, though untitled family, and immensely rich; and the youngest daughter of a poor earl may live to rue the day she slighted him," was the elder sister's plain-spoken reply.

"Mamma does not agree with you, Mercia; she thinks I ought to certainly secure a title; if I fail, then I may, perhaps, accept Mr. Hayward, as I should not care to risk another season."

The sisters were sitting in a pretty rustic arbor in the grounds of Greystone Hall, and talking confidentially. Lady Gillingham and her husband were guests for the present; the former, being happily married was generously anxious to see the younger sister similarly circumstanced; but Gertrude was quite unlike the warm-hearted Lady Mercia. She was cold-hearted, selfish and had neither love nor admiration for any man, except for his title and position.

The sisters had thought themselves alone in the grounds; but as Gertrude finished speaking, a gentleman, tall, handsome, and more aristocratic in appearance than many a duke, arose from a little mound where stood a marble fountain, close to, but hidden from the arbor, and with a bitter smile on his lips, walked quickly away.

It was Cuthbert Hayward. He was honestly and truly in love with Lady Gertrude, and her last speech, unintentionally overheard, was a cruel awakening from his dream of happiness.

He had intended her to be his model; in his youth he had been passionately fond of the sculptor's art, and it was still the favorite amusement of his leisure hours, and since he had met the earl's lovely daughter, a great desire to immortalise her perfect features in pure white marble had taken possession of him, and he had resolved that, as the Burwood Exhibition was to be held in the autumn, he would execute for it a beautiful statue of his love, and when it was closed, the statue would fill an honored place in his ancestral gallery. And then, too, he fondly thought, its lovely original might also find a lasting home at Hayward Lodge.

Now his dream was rudely shattered. He had come forth from his home that bright spring morning, a happy lover; he returned two hours after, a blighted disappointed man.

"So," he thought bitterly, "my Lady Gertrude will flirt, and dance, and hunt, with her worldly-minded mother's aid, for a title through one more London season, and then, if no noble lord or duke is caught, poor insignificant Cuthbert Hayward may claim the prize! Thank you; but your ladyship may chance to find you have but rehearsed in reality the famous fable of the dog and the shadow. The statue shall be sculptured to the best of my poor ability, but the false face of Lady Gertrude will not be my model."

So he wrought at his block of marble, and with every chip of his chisel, with every blow of his hammer, his bitterness of spirit increased, and his determination never to marry, never again to look with love on the face of woman, became stern and fixed.

"Elma," said Lady Gertrude, one day, to an orphan cousin who lived with them, "do you know I used to think Cuthbert Hayward a perfect beau, no other gentleman was half so gracefully attentive as he; now, he has quite altered, he is a worse bear than that old Churchill whom we all hate."

Elma's soft gray eyes opened wide with surprise.

"How can you think so, Gertrude? Why, I always think him so kind, so thoughtful, and——"

"Oh, of course, I quite forgot you had set him up as your beau ideal, Elma. Perhaps you would like to marry him yourself, eh? Well, if an eligible suitor comes my way when we go to London next month, I'll turn him over to you!"

Elma's eyes filled with tears, and a painful blush suffused her cheeks.

"You are very cruel to talk so, Gertrude, and you do not deserve the love of such a man as Mr. Hayward. He does love you, I know, and you play with him as if he were a toy, to be taken up and cast aside at your pleasure."

"There, that will do, Elma; you quite fatigue yourself with your energetic defence of my admirer; he is mine at present; please to remember I have not yet surrendered him!"

Yet, though Lady Gertrude thus claimed him as her property, she sometimes had an easy feeling that he was not quite so much her slave as he had once been.

One fine day in June, Elma was returning from the town, and had taken a path in the fields, when she was overtaken by the squire himself.

After the usual greetings, he said:

"So you have not gone to London, Miss Wentworth? Have you heard from your cousin lately?"

"Oh yes; I had a long letter this morning. She had just been to the Duchess of Wurgrave's ball, and had enjoyed it immensely," answered Elma.

They talked then on different subjects, until Greystone Hall was reached, and Elma felt a strange fluttering pleasure at her heart as he expressed an earnest hope that they soon might meet again.

And Cuthbert went to his statue, and as he worked softer thoughts stole over him, the hard lines of his face relaxed, and a happier light came into his eyes.

* * * * * *

The London season was over, and once more all the family were at Greystone Hall, and Lady Marcia and her sister were in conversation, this time their mother making a third.

"You have come back disengaged, then, Gertrude? I thought when we left you for Vienna in June, that the Marquis of Carlston would certainly propose."

"So he would have done, but mamma thought that the Duke of Brentwood was so very attentive just then, it would be a better chance," said Gertrude.

"It was your own perversity, my dear child," said the countess. "But it is useless now; I am not sure that we could even afford another season, and you must accept Mr. Hayward."

"Has he proposed yet?" asked Lady Mercia.

"No; he has had no opportunity of doing so. We only met him twice, and then Gertrude was so fully engaged, she could not give him even one dance. So much the better; he will think the more of her."

"Well, I hope it will soon be settled, and I think myself he will be an excellent parti—a near neighbor and a favorite as he is with all. You had better lose no time, but ask him to come and stay here for the autumn, and that will settle the affair," concluded Lady Mercia, who, though she did not say so, had great misgivings as to Cuthbert's intentions; she knew his character better than her mother did.

So the invitation was sent, but gratefully declined; the master of Haywood had so much on his hands in the preparation for the forthcoming Potteries Exhibition.

He contrived, however, to be a great deal at Greystone, and as his manner had resumed its old graceful courtesy, Lady Gravestone flattered herself things were in the proper train.

"He evidently means to wait until his counterfeit presentment of you tells his love, Gertrude," she said, smiling.

For her ladyship, in common with all, made sure that whatever the statue might represent, the face would be that of her lovely daughter.

So the summer waned and faded, and when the fierce October blasts were scattering the leaves for the November rains to bury, the statue and the exhibition were both ready.

One person who had worked hard in helping to prepare for it, felt nothing but the bitterest pain at the thought of its opening. Poor Elma! the summer had been too happy; her constant meetings with Cuthbert had caused her to live in Elysium, and almost without knowing it, she had grown to love him.

She awoke from her dream of happiness when her cousin returned, feeling sure that as Gertrude was free, he would marry her, and for three months a cruel struggle had been going on in her mind. She had avoided Cuthbert as much as possible, but her ladyship's determination to have him at Greystone as often as possible, made it very difficult to keep apart from him.

At last the eventful day arrived. There was to be a private view for the gentry and on that occasion Cuthbert's statue would be seen for the first time; he had kept his studio carefully locked, and had resolutely declined to show it while in progress.

There was to be a ball at Hayward Lodge in the evening. It was a bright October day; the great hall was quite full of people and all the exhibits were duly admired, and Cuthbert's kindly interest in his townsmen praised as it deserved to be.

"But your statue is still veiled. When are we to see it?" asked Lady Greystone, who with her party had clustered round the spot where it stood.

"Will your ladyship condescend to unveil it?" asked the sculptor, bowing.

"With pleasure," answered her ladyship, and withdrew the cloth with her usual graceful movements.

A murmur of admiration was heard around as the pure white marble glistened in the October sunlight.

The figure was that of the goddess Ceres, and corn and vines surrounded her, and her hands were full of fruit, which she seemed to be offering to the spectator. But the face was not the lovely, faultless, Grecian features of the Lady Gertrude, but the sweet and tender face of her cousin Elma.

Not a feature of the countess's well-bred countenance changed as she gracefully complimented the sculptor on his work although her surprise and chagrin were only equalled by her daughter's. But whatever they felt was nothing to the confusion and almost terror poor Elma experienced; she wished the floor would open and swallow her, and was thankful enough when the carriage was announced, and the party left.

At first Lady Greystone had intended to scold Elma well, but reflecting that it would make no difference, she congratulated her instead, and when, with flaming cheeks and tear-stained eyes, Elma disclaimed all idea of being Cuthbert's wife, her ladyship closed her eyes and smiled as if her niece's assertion were simply amusing.

That very afternoon, slipping away from the guests who demanded his attention, and leaving it to his housekeeper to attend to the preparations for the ball, the squire appeared at Greystone Hall, and after a short interview with the earl he asked for Elma.

She had gone out in the grounds, and could not be found, and he was walking away disconsolate, feeling sure that she would not appear at his ball if he did not see her first, when he heard the rustle of a dress near, and saw her, thinking she had escaped him, go into the very arbor Gertrude had sat in on that eventful morning in the spring. He was by her side in a moment, and had taken both her hands.

"Darling, forgive me for not asking your consent," he replied. "It was wrong, and I ought to have told you before this morning!"

"But Gertrude—you loved her——" began Elma, striving vainly to withdraw her hands.

"I did; but I found her heartless, and oh, my darling, she never had my heart as you have! Be my wife, love, or I swear no woman shall ever be! I will be contented with my dayling in marble, if I cannot have her real self."

What could she say?

Anyhow, they were married soon after, and all Greystone, Hayward, and Burwood went wild with excitement. It was so delightful that the squire had married that darling Miss Elma instead of the proud Lady Gertrude, who took no more interest in the poor than if they had been so many machines.

And Lady Gertrude is unmarried still, and wishes she had been less ambitious, while Cuthbert is only too thankful that the gentle Elma, and not her proud ladyship, was his "model."

THERE is a certain sort of a man whose doom in the world is disappointment, who excels in it, and whose luckless triumphs in his meek career of life, I have often thought, must be regarded by the kind eyes above with as much favor as the splendid successes and achievements of coarser and more prosperous men.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

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SEA OF GALILEE.—On the shores of this sea our Lord was "in his own country," for Nazareth is only about twenty miles from the part of the water nearest to it; the sea washes the district in which His youth and the greatest part of His manhood was passed; for He was only an occasional visitor to Jerusalem. A larger proportion of the scenes depicted in the Gospels occurred on the lake, on its shores, or in the immediate neighborhood of them. It was in this region principally that our Lord "went about doing good." There is not a village, nor a highway, but received the impress of His feet, or have echoed to His voice.

The Sea of Galilee, is a sheet of water formed by the expansion of the bed of the Jordan. It is nearly twelve and a quarter miles long from north to south, and its broadest part, six and three-quarter miles from east to west. It is full of fish. The surface is from 600 to 700 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

Shrubs and blossoms add to the beauty of the coasts. Volcanic action is very energetic; there are hot springs in the basin of the lake, and very serious earthquakes occur.

The cities, the men, and traffic, sailors and ships once there, but they have disappeared so that the waters of the lake appear to sleep amid a solitude. On turning over a large block a pot of manna engraved on its face was found, "I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead."

W. G. L.

FAULT-FINDING WITH YOUR CHILDREN.—It is at times necessary to censure and punish; but very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parents; and hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human action—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But what mother would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy; their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.—There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than a good daughter, but none in which a gentler lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. She is the steady light of her father's house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is the morning sun and evening star. The grace, vivacity, and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes come to his mind with a new charm, as blended with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent of those nameless, numberless acts of kindness which one chiefly cares to have rendered because they are unpretending but expressive proofs of love.

☞ WE WILL STILL SEND A COPY OF THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURE IN COLORS, ENTITLED "THE RUSSIAN WEDDING FEAST," DESCRIBED IN PREVIOUS ISSUES, TO EVERY PERSON WHO SENDS US $2.00 FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE. Address, "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," No. 728 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Household of Bouverie," by Mrs. C. A. Warfield has just been issued in Peterson's Twenty five Cent Series of novels.

We have just received a very neat and thoroughly well made cloth-bound edition of "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne. John B. Alden, publisher, New York.

FRESH PERIODICALS

As a magazine for Sunday and generally of the more thoughtful kind of reading, combined with interest of method and beauty of illustration, the June issue of the "Quiver" may be particularly commended. Published by Cassell Pub. Co., New York.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" may always be depended on for good pictures, with interesting general literary matter, and of course the June number, now out, is no exception. Cassell & Co., New York, publishers.

For all art-lovers and art-workers, the splendid "Magazine of Art," with its grand illustrations and valuable text can be highly recommended. The June number, just out, is a perfect store-house of pleasure in both these respects. Cassell & Co., New York.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make your home delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the bright fire of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

RATS.—W. W. Newell, the Secretary of the American Folk Lore Society, has been collecting for some years information as to the custom which prevails in some parts of this country of ridding a house of rats by writing them a letter in which they are recommended to depart and make their abode in another part of the country. This method of ridding a house from its domestic pests, he says, appears to be well known, but is commonly regarded as a jest. It is a survival, however, as he shows, of a perfectly serious and ancient usage. He gives a specimen of such a letter, written up in Maine no later than 1888, in which the rats are duly requested to leave. The letter was greased, rolled up and thrust into the entrance of the rat holes in order that it might be duly read, the result being, as the owner of the house was assured, that the number of the pests was considerably diminished. He adduces references to a similar custom in England, Ireland and France, and in a Greek treatise of the tenth century, composed for Constantius Porphyrogenus, Emperor of Constantinople.

SUICIDE IN PRUSSIA.—The number of suicides is not largely increasing in Prussia, as is generally supposed. In 1883 it was 6171; in 1884, 5900; in 1885, 6028; in 1886, 6212; in 1887, 5808; in 1888, 5303; in 1889, 561 , and in 1890, 5965.

It was highest in 1886, diminished very considerably in 1887 and 1888, and has been increasing again since. In 1884 and 1885, 21 per 100,000 of the population committed suicide; in 1886, 22; in 1887, 21, and in 1888, 1889 and 1890, 19.

The number of female suicides is increasing; in the years from 1883 to 1890 it was 201, 205, 202, 188, 203, 211, 211 and 215.

The number of male suicides is still four times that of females, for the number of men who died in this way last year was 32 per 100,000 of the population, that of the women only 8.

In Berlin, the number of suicides, after some fluctuation, has increased, first slowly and then rapidly, since 1886.

From 1883 to 1890 it was 410, 389, 396, 366, 371, 386, 425 and 465. The numbers per 100,000, in the same years were 33, 29, 30, 27, 26, 28 and 30. Relatively, then, the year 1883 had the highest number, while 1887 and 1888 had the lowest.

PURE BREEDS.—Farmers have sadly neglected the use of the pure breeds in stock raising. They have given their stock careful attention, and fed their animals with a view to securing a profit, but they have failed to take advantage of the opportunities of improvement. The mistaken supposition that "fancy" stock is too costly has deterred many from improvement, when the fact is that no investment is safer than pure-bred stock. A single male in a community will more than return his cost in one season, and by its use a profit may be secured where before only a balance of the food and the beef occurred.

MR. PEET, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters—call me Peet." "Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew part way behind her fan.

TREATMENT OF EARACHE.—A French professor, says that he has, in person, found relief in severe earache, after other means had been tried in vain, from the use of a mixture of equal parts of chloroform and laudanum; a little being introduced on a piece of cotton. The first effort produced is a sensation of cold; then there is a numbness, followed by scarcely preceptible pain and refreshing sleep.

IT IS believed that the most accomplished negro voodoo in the United States lives near the small creek of Gooseneck, in the Indian Territory, 40 miles from the Kansas line. His house is alive with snakes and rats, and is adorned with bones and skulls. His many followers believe him implicity.

ELDERLY RELATIVE (to schoolgirl)—Amanda, you are looking pale. You must not be too ambitious. Tell me the truth now—haven't you been burning midnight oil? Miss Amanda (her paleness all gone)—Why, yes, auntie, but—but not much. We turned the lamp down very low.

TILE DRAINED.—Experiments have shown that a tile-drained soil is, on an average, about 10° warmer at seven inches below the surface than an undrained surface at the same depth. This fact illustrates the value of drainage. It lengthens the season at both ends for plant growth.

You want a GENUINE dollar bill, and not a counterfeit. Your customers want the GENUINE Ferris "Good Sense" Corset Waist, and no counterfeit offered as a substitute.

"Honesty is the best policy," and it doesn't pay to substitute inferior imitations.

The best merchants find it most profitable to sell goods of established reputation. For ten years the "Good Sense" Waists have been recognized by the trade as standard in quality, satisfactory to the wearer and the readiest of sale.

Ferris Bros., aim to make the "Good Sense" as near perfect as possible.

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2 25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making SURE connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

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A cure for Piles, External, Internal, Blind, Bleeding, and Itching. Chronic, Recent, or Hereditary. This remedy has positively never been known to fail. $1 a box, six for $5, by mail. A written guarantee given with six boxes, when purchased at one time, to refund the $5 if not cured. Guarantee issued by FINNERTY, McCLURE & Co., Wholesale and Retail Agents, 106 Market Street, Philadelphia, Penna.

GUNS REVOLVERS, RIFLES, ETC. SPORTING GOODS

A PRIZE PICTURE PUZZLE.

The above picture contains four faces, the man and his three daughters. Anyone can find the man's face, but it is not so easy to distinguish the faces of the three young ladies.

The proprietors of **Ford's Prize Pills** will give an elegant **Gold Watch** to the *first* person who can make out the three daughters' faces; to the *second* will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings**; to the *third* a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, 16 yards in any color; to the *fourth* a **Coin Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit. Every competitor must cut out the above puzzle picture, distinguish the three girls' faces by marking a cross with lead pencil on each, and enclose same with fifteen U. S. two cent stamps for one box of FORD'S PRIZE PILLS, (which will be sent post paid, duty free), addressed to THE FORD PILL COMPANY, Wellington St. Toronto, Can. The person whose envelope is postmarked *first* will be awarded the first prize, and the others in order of merit. To the person sending the *last* correct answer will be given an elegant **Gold Watch**, of fine workmanship and first-class timekeeper; to the *next to the last* a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear-Rings**; to the *second* to the last a handsome **Silk Dress Pattern**, 16 yards in any color; to the *third* to the last a **Coin Silver Watch**, and many other prizes in order of merit counting from the last. **WE SHALL GIVE AWAY 100 VALUABLE PREMIUMS** (should there be so many sending in correct answers). No charge is made for boxing and packing of premiums. The names of the leading prize winners will be published in connection with our advertisement in leading newspapers next month. Extra premiums will be given to those who are willing to assist in introducing our medicine. Nothing is charged for the premiums in any way, they are absolutely given away to introduce and advertise Ford's Prize Pills, which are purely vegetable and act gently yet promptly on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, dispelling Headache, Fevers and Colds, cleansing the system thoroughly and cure habitual constipation. They are **sugar-coated, do not gripe**, very small, easy to take, one pill a dose, and are purely vegetable. Perfect digestion follows their use. As to the reliability of our company, we refer you to any leading wholesale druggist or business house in Toronto. All premiums will be awarded strictly in order of merit and with perfect satisfaction to the public. Pills are sent by mail post paid. When you answer this picture puzzle, kindly mention which newspaper you saw it in. Address THE FORD PILL COMPANY, Wellington St., Toronto, Can.

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Beware of imitation gold filled watches. We will pay $100 in cash to anyone if we cannot prove that the watch illustrated here, and which we offer for $12.95 (regular price $25.00) is a genuine gold filled watch, guaranteed by our special certificate to wear and retain its color for 21 years. Fitted complete with our very best full plate movement, which we guarantee to run and keep correct time for 10 years. CUT THIS OUT and send it to us with your name and express office address, and we will send it there by express for your examination; if after examination you are convinced that it is a bargain pay the agent $12.95 and the express charges and it is yours. This will not appear again. Write to-day, do not miss the chance to get a $25.00 watch for $12.95. Address THE NATIONAL MFG. & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

THIS CAN BE DONE BY MEANS OF THE

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE TO THE PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

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Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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PILES Remedy Free. INSTANT RELIEF. Final cure in 10 days. Never returns; no purge; no salve; no suppository. A victim tried in vain every remedy has discovered a simple cure, which he will mail free to his fellow sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3220, New York City, N. Y.

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We have a Positive Cure for the effects of self abuse, Early Excesses, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Loss of Sexual Power, Impotency &c. So great is our faith in our Specific we will send one Full Month's Medicine and Much Valuable Information FREE. Address, M. M. CO., 832 Broadway, New York.

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Humorous.

A WILLING GIRL.

Suppose you were in love with a girl like me
And were awful shy—it's only supposing—
Do you think if you waited till the end of the year
That I would do the proposing? Not I.

Suppose you'd a cottage so dreadfully small
There was only just room for two,
Do you think I'd marry some one else for his wealth
If I could get the cottage and you? Not I.

Instead of standing so awkwardly there,
Suppose you should ask me to be your own wife.
Do you think for a moment I would say no
And be wretched for the rest of my life?
Not I.

—L. W. P.

"Hard Pressed for Time."

Light results—A heavy gas bill.

Everybody's business—To mind his own.

Why is the letter S like snuff?—Because it starts sneezing.

Why is every teacher of music necessarily a good teacher?—Because he is a sound instructor.

To prove that the clothes he sells are all wool, a Harlem dealer shows customers the moths in the garments.

She: "I know I'm cross at times, John; but, if I had my life to live over again, I should marry you just the same." He: "I have my doubts about it, my dear."

A shallow-brained fop remarked, with the air of an instructor, "People should never laugh at their own jokes. I never think of laughing at mine." "Does anybody else?" shyly asked a young lady.

Judge, to woman arrested for shoplifting: "When did you begin this sort of thing?" Woman, weeping: "I began by picking my husband's pockets at night while he was asleep. Then the descent was easy."

At a trial held some time ago in Ireland one of the jurors asked to be excused from serving on the jury. Judge: "For what reason?" Juror: "My Lord, I've got the itch." Judge, to clerk of court: "Scratch him out."

Mrs. Hicks: "Who was that disreputable looking man you were talking to outside?" Hicks: "That was the dog catcher." "What were you saying to him?" "I told him if your dog got lost to come around and I would give him a dollar."

The head-master of a high school, in describing to a class the beauty of the Alps, which he had visited during his vacation, ended his lecture with these words: "And there, with one foot I stood on the ice of the glacier, while with the other I was plucking the most beautiful flowers!"

"Give me your money, or I shall be forced to do a thing that I have never yet been able to do in my life." M. du Tac took out his pocket-book, gave it to the robber, and said to him: "Now that you have stripped me, may I ask what would you have done?" The bandit looked at his victim coolly, and replied: "I should have worked!"

"Why, old boy, what is the matter with you? You look as if you had lost your best friend!" "Do I?" was the reply. "Well, I haven't. On the contrary—I have just gained a friend." "You don't look like it." "I know I don't. You see, last night I asked little Miss B—— to marry me, and she said she would always be to me a very dear friend."

During a big thunder-storm, little Willie, who slept upstairs alone, got scared, and called his mother, who came up and asked him what he was frightened about. Willie admitted that the thunder was a little too much for a youngster who slept alone. "Well, if you are afraid," said his mother, "you should pray for courage." "Well, all right," said Willie, an idea coming into his head; "suppose you stay up here and pray, while I go downstairs and sleep with pa." She didn't stay.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

In one of the uptown stores there is a large show window that is set very low, and human ingenuity must be taxed to its utmost to produce the attractive displays that are made from time to time. During the past week the window has been full of large dolls, dressed in the newest styles for small children, and they are life size and so cunningly arranged that they look like a dozen pretty children shut in this place and looking out upon the passers or holding out enticing hands.

And now for a pretty living picture! There were two young mothers, one with a baby carriage, the other with a wee girlie of some two years. The mothers grew so intent upon the study of the dainty gowns on the dolls that the little toddler slipped around to the other side of the window and smiled sweetly up at a doll. Of course dolly smiled back. That was her business. Baby said "pitty," but dolly did not answer, and then baby offered dolly first a piece of biscuit and then a bunch of very much wilted flowers, but still dolly kept holding out her chubby hands, and the live dolly outside put up her lip to cry and then changed her mind, and stepping along pressed her sweet face to the the window and kissed it several times! Surely those sawdust hearts inside must have felt a throb of pleasure at this innocent but tender token of this baby's admiration.

And how were the dollies dressed? Well, one had a pure white surah dress with two ruffles on the skirt, each headed by a band of tinsel woven ribbon and a little yoke of the same finished with a deep ruffle of surah, bishop sleeves and sash and cuffs of moss green surah. The mob cap was of surah and moss green ribbons. A child in this would look like a pure white cherry blossom.

And then there was one with a garnet cashmere with elbow sleeves, and the front was made of white embroidery. The hat was a garnet straw, with pale blue feathers.

Another had a delicate pink embroidered zephyr gingham, the yoke and cuffs cut out of the embroidery, and the bonnet of pale pink mull, with bows and strings of the same. And, by the way, mull hats and bonnets will be very much worn by the little ones this season. They are seen in white, cream, lilac, pink, pale blue, ecru and pale green. The trimmings consists almost always of hemmed bows of the same, all washable.

And there were babies in the daintiest of long frocks of nainsook, with tucks and very full ruffles of Valenciennes lace, and some even had full ruffles of point de gene and Irish point, but these two latter look too heavy for the purpose. There were long cloaks made of pink, blue, gray and white cashmere, the bottoms corded with a white silk piping, and below this a fall of lace. Others for those who can walk are of corded cotton, or Bedford cord in cotton much like the old pique, but softer. This is trimmed but slightly and usually with an applique of white braiding, and there are silk cloaks of every description.

STOUT GOWNS FOR ROUGH USAGE.

For good sized girls, for school and constant wear, velutina is a favorite; not velveteen, which so soon looks common, but velutina, which is a close imitation of Lyons velvet, having a short, thick pile that will not crush or crack. It is very rich and dressy, at the same time almost indestructible, and it is a yard wide, so that it is the most economical goods possible to get for children for hard wear.

A play gown is shown of this in the illustration. Also another trimmed with the same made of light cloth, probably a breadth from mother's last season's walking gown.

For school and play one needs to provide the stoutest materials, and the sleeves should be made where possible with the forearm pieces different from the rest so as to admit of changing them easily when the desks wear or soil them.

Ribbon sashes for young girls and little girls are of hemmed surah or of ribbon about three or four inches wide.

Black stockings will still be the best style, though there are a few silk stockings to match costumes for full dress.

Low shoes will be worn very much, and tan, canvas and suede will be seen on the little ones, all with spring or very low heels.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS MATTERS OF INTEREST.

Cloths dipped in hot potato water and applied to rheumatic joints will almost invariably ease the pain.

Palpitation of the heart may be stopped by lying on the right side, partially on the face, when the heart will resume its proper action.

To cool a room wet a cloth, the larger it may happen to be the better, and suspend it; if the ventilation is good the temperature will quickly lower.

Lamp burners which are in constant use should be boiled occasionally in pearline or soda suds, then scrubbed and polished with brick dust, when they will do as good service as new ones.

Kerosene added to boiled starch—a tablespoonful to a quart—will prevent the smoothing irons from sticking and give a gloss to the articles; the scent will evaporate in the drying.

Save all your broken and crooked carpet tacks and keep them in a box in the kitchen for cleaning bottles. They are better than shot, for the sharp edges scrape off all the stains.

At the time of housecleaning make it a rule to inspect everything in the way of the fitting and furniture of the house. If there are slats out of the blinds or blinds are out of order in any way, have them repaired. Look at the locks and bolts and see that everything is in order, that the keys are in place and move easily in the lock. Sometimes when a lock is stiff a few drops of kerosene oil will make it all right. If there are cracked window panes do not wait till they come out themselves, but have them repaired now. Look at the cane bottomed chairs and have new seats put in them if they need it. It is saving of money and endless annoyance to have articles out of repair mended so they can be of service.

If one has a suitable place for the purpose the washing of blankets may become an easy matter. In an open space, have a line tightly stretched out of doors. To this, fasten the upper edge of the blanket. Have strips of cotton sewed to the bottom at intervals; tie these to pegs, which drive well into the ground. Now turn on the hose. Cold water, of course, and plenty of it. Drench the blankets well on both sides. If much soiled, rub spots with soap and drench again. The force of the stream will do more than wringing. After the article is quite clean, leave it dry; never mind if it does rain; if the work has been thorough it will not streak, but be all the better for it. When the sun has completed the task, you will possess blankets as white, soft and unshrunken as new, and the nap will not be destroyed.

Salads should be served the day they are prepared.

In sweeping carpets, use wet newspapers wrung nearly dry and torn into pieces. The paper collects the dust, but does not soil the carpet. A carpet, particularly a dark carpet, often looks dusty when it does not need sweeping; wring out a sponge quite dry in water (a few drops of ammonia helps brighten the color,) and wipe off the dust from the carpet. This saves much labor in sweeping.

Always use cold water (in summer iced water) to mix pastry, and if it cannot be baked immediatly set it away in a cool place.

The proper method of darning is very simple, care and neatness being really more essential than actual skill. First lay parallel threads closely together across the broken place, and then pick them up in basket fashion with crosswise threads, making the darn look like a piece of cloth inserted in the stocking.

"WHAT is the matter, Clara?" asked her mother; "you look distressed." "George has—has had to go off on a—a trip, and he won't be back for—for two days—boo-hoo!" said Clara, a bride. "How long will your husband be away?" asked the same mother, some years later. "I forgot to ask," said the same Clara.

OUR LATEST and GREATEST PREMIUM OFFER!

By special arrangement with the publishers of ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE of Philadelphia we are enabled to make our subscribers and readers the following extraordinary offer:

WE WILL SEND THAT POPULAR MAGAZINE AN ENTIRE YEAR AS A PREMIUM TO ALL THOSE WHO SEND US $2.00 FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" IN ADVANCE.

THE POST alone is $2.00 a year, so that you practically get the magazine an entire year for nothing.

You will also receive with Arthur's Magazine during the year 1892, THREE Dollar's worth of McCall's Glove-Fitting Dress Patterns free.

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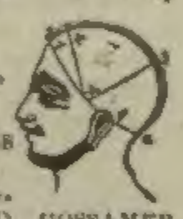

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